

The Leader.

"THE one Idea which History exhibits as evermore developing itself into greater distinctness is the Idea of Humanity—the noble endeavour to throw down all the barriers erected between men by prejudice and one-sided views; and by setting aside the distinctions of Religion, Country, and Colour, to treat the whole Human race as one brotherhood, having one great object—the free development of our spiritual nature."—HUMBOLDT'S COSMOS.

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News of the Week.

If we deprecate the impulsive mobility of the French, we may yet some day have to contrast the animation of their public spirit with the growing supineness that enables us at present to assume airs of calm superiority. England is quiet just now; but we should be glad to be assured that the quiet preserves to us a spirit equally capable with that now shown by the French People of keeping a hold over the conduct of affairs. The spectacle presented by our neighbours at this moment is remarkable. The nation is courted by several parties, each endeavouring not so much to win the affection of the People by means of service rendered to the nation, but by rendering itself fascinating to the view. While the Legitimists are holding their Congress at Wiesbaden to consult upon the mode of making the most impressive display before the National Assembly in its next session, the President is on a tour of the provinces, and with more or less fixity of purpose, endeavouring to win the liking of the People. The sentiments of the People, thus courted, appear to vary in every direction and degree: in some places a symbolical affection for the letter N is taken to indicate a propensity towards the imperial phase of Government; in other places the President is received with cries of "Vive la République!" uttered in a tone of insult and menace. But, upon the whole, the preponderant feeling appears to be a disposition to stand by the President as the Chief Magistrate of that Republic which the People is determined to carry out.

There is a report that the death of Louis Philippe may bring about some difference in the relation of French parties: the Duchess of Orleans, it is said, being a woman of decided character, is prepared to take the lead in promoting the claims of her son the Count of Paris; supposing that the Duchess is ready to be a Matilda, we have yet to discover that the Count of Paris has any chances of being a Henry the Second. The political death of Louis Philippe has been very properly dated in 1848; his subsequent life in England has been a postscript which did not contain the pith of the volume; and his mortal extinction can scarcely have any effect upon political movements in France. The exposure of his motives and practices had been far too complete to leave any vestige of influence derived from his personal character or exploits. His sons, except the Duke de Nemours, have had no opportunity of making a strong impression on the French people; and the impression left by the Duke de Nemours was not favourable. Whether true or not, scandalous stories illustrated the adverse feeling against his personal character; and his manners to the public were cold and haughty. The Prince de Joinville had been popular as a young naval officer; but indifferent health is said to be the reason why he has not improved his po-

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pularity. The Duke of Orleans was a Jehu; the Count of Paris is an unknown infant; the Duchess has been supposed to be a sort of maternal governess; hereditary claims on the part of the Orleans family are a nullity, a joke; the royal alliances of the Duchess herself in Germany will have no weight with the French people: in short, nothing more unsubstantial than any pretensions on her part to the allegiance of the French people can be imagined, except, perhaps, the sacred traditions on which the Count de Chambord relies.

It would not be a bad idea for the larger political parties in France if they were to try to win the affection of the country by rendering some great service to the People. But no party seems able to strike out such an idea. If it occurred to the Prince President while he was in prison at Ham, he seems now to regard it as a youthful indiscretion; for he makes a practice of throwing out hints against "Utopias" which are not very different from his "extinction of pauperism." He does not seem prepared to do anything except that which he finds most suited to the humour of the People: he will obey their orders for the sake of keeping the Presidency.

The Peace Congress assembled at Frankfurt drew together a large number of supporters, and obtained no small share of attention. Among the striking ornaments of the assemblage were a North American Indian as an actor in the scene, and General Haynau as a spectator. The Congress has extended adherence to the principle of seeking international arbitration as a substitute for war; but we much doubt whether the progress is so great as it appears. The attendance at the meeting seemed to be drawn from a particular class, which is scattered in various countries. Some of the members are of very questionable perseverance: we much question, for example, whether M. Emile de Girardin would refuse to be the director of a war, if he were Minister of France; or would even refuse a challenge to a duel, if he were in the mood for that pastime. The marked and premeditated abstinence of the Congress from handling the war questions of the day evinces a mistrust in putting their own principles to a present test. As the mass of the political world is much more guided by instructions in the concrete form than the abstract, the Congress would make a much greater impression if it could illustrate its principles by agitating for a practical application to the case of Hungary in Eastern Europe, or of Schleswig-Holstein in the North.

While the actual laying down of the submarine telegraph across the British Channel exemplifies the progress of improvement, the continued dispute between masters and workmen on the Eastern Counties Railway, with its hindrance to travelling, reminds us of the liabilities which accompany improvements. The more simple, facile, and concentrated any means of communication may be, the more easy it becomes for hostile influences to cut off that

communication. If the communication is so good as to place other means out of use, its practical result on critical occasions may be, to leave us without any means of communication at all. The telegraph which may ultimately supersede post and packets may be cut off at a blow. The Railway communication which has superseded our coaches may be stopped by a combination of workmen.

The election of a Member for Poole, in the room of Mr. Robinson, scarcely excites any attention, so wearied is the public with the trivialities of Parliamentary routine. The two candidates at present named are a gentleman of "very advanced Liberal opinions" and another gentleman excessive in his retrograde notions; but the public can feel slight interest in the choice. These matters are left mainly to election agents. It might possibly be better for the progress of opinion if the reactionary gentleman obtained a seat; a little reaction might stimulate the popular mind, and startle us out of our supineness; for at present there appears to be a total suspense and abnegation of an effective popular policy in every quarter. Even the election for Cambridge University scarcely excites a thought.

Much more notice is taken of the ridiculous antiquated exhibition in Wakefield, of an old gentleman doing penance for scandalizing a lady; much more of the exploit by Mr. Richard Lort Phillips, in running away with a young bride. These are personal matters; but they appeal to personal sympathies. The choice between a gentleman whose speculative ideas are Liberal or anti-Liberal, but whose respective elections will not make the slightest difference in the action of Parliament, cannot call up a feeling.

We may sympathize, indeed, much more with Queen Victoria's hasty progress to Castle Howard, and with her graceful compliment to the good Earl of Carlisle. An ingenious reciprocation of good feeling was struck out by the mayor of Newcastle, who advised the inhabitants to keep down their fires for the day of the Queen's proximity, so that the atmosphere might be the purer for the royal breathing. It would be a blessing if the good mayor could help the People to some plan of nullifying their smoke for resident lungs; but, meanwhile, this suspension of sootiness was as pretty a piece of gallantry as we remember.

The good news of the week, however, will be the renewal of the post delivery on the leisure day: Sunday again witnesses the arrival of the newspaper, with its tidings of the world and its entertainment for the hour; and, more precious still, the letter of affection specially sent for the perusal of leisure. Even the Sabbatarian will rejoice at the disuse of a restriction that brought unmerited discredit on his counsels, because it was not managed in the sincere spirit of rendering his project acceptable to the public; the Anti-Sabbatarian will enjoy his triumph; and all will relish the reopening of intercourse with distant world and absent friends.

THE QUEEN'S JOURNEY TO SCOTLAND.

The Queen and Prince Albert left Osborne at seven o'clock on Tuesday morning, en route to Castle Howard. Intelligence of the sudden death of the Count de Neuilly had been received at Osborne on Monday, in consequence of which melancholy event, her Majesty immediately countermanded the military music and other celebrations of his Royal Highness's birthday. The Queen and Prince Albert paid a hurried visit of condolence, en passant, to the French royal family at Claremont. At the Esher station they were joined by the Princess of Wales, the Princess Royal, the Princess Alice, and Prince Alfred, who had left Osborne by the Fairy, at eight o'clock. From the Nine Elms station the royal party, escorted by a party of Lancers, proceeded in carriages to the Euston-square terminus of the London and Northern line, where they arrived a little before noon. Sir George Grey, who is the only Minister accompanying her Majesty to the north, had arrived at Euston-square some time before the Queen, and so did the Marchioness of Douro, who was to proceed to the north with her Majesty, relieving in attendance the Viscountess Canning. The royal party were conducted into the waiting rooms, tastefully fitted up for their reception, where they remained a few minutes while the packages were being stowed away in the luggage van. Here Lady Canning, who had come up with her Majesty from Osborne took leave, and the Marchioness of Douro took her place.

Everything being ready the Royal family took their places in the carriage set apart for her Majesty's travelling. The carriage then drew slowly away from the station amid the cheers of all assembled and the waving of handkerchiefs on the part of the ladies. The sides of the railway were lined with spectators almost all the way to Camden-town, and all along the cheers and salutations were repeated. On the slopes of the Primrose-hill tunnel a large concourse had also assembled, whose cheers followed her Majesty into the recesses of the cavern into which the train plunged. At all the stations there were groups more or less numerous of persons anxious to catch the most passing glimpse of the Royal party, but the train dashed past them all, and did not stop till it reached Wolverton, accomplishing the distance of fifty-two miles in about an hour and five minutes. Here it had been arranged that the train should stop for a short time, and the Queen, the Prince, and the Royal children having alighted, were conducted to a room over the ordinary refreshment rooms, where luncheon was provided for them. After a delay of twenty minutes, they returned to the carriage.

Once clear of the station, the train moved on at a dashing pace, frequently going at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and did not stop again till it reached Rugby, where it appeared as if the whole population of the adjoining town had turned out to receive her Majesty. A delay of about five minutes took place here, which was occupied with incessant cheering on the part of the immense crowd, which her Majesty, the Prince, and the children heartily returned. The run from Euston-square to Rugby, including the stay at Wolverton, occupied only two hours and ten minutes. The train then proceeded at a pace quite as rapid as before, and did not stop till it reached Leicester, where there was again an immense concourse of people. The station here is not a very large one, but the directors had courteously throw the line open to the public, order being kept by a party of local pensioners. The concourse of people lining the rails extended for upwards of a mile and a half, nearly the whole of Leicester being present, and their loyalty manifested itself in deafening cheers. It was not intended to stay at Leicester, but in deference to the wishes of her subjects, who had assembled in such numbers, the Queen ordered the train to drive slowly through. After passing the crowd, the train proceeded as rapidly as ever, and arrived at Derby at a quarter-past three o'clock. The train stopped for a few minutes at the curve which leads to Derby, to take in water, during which time the officials of the line were introduced to Prince Albert. The directors had, with praiseworthy liberality, here as well as at Leicester, ranged all the empty wagons at their disposal along the rails on the sidings, to which the town-people were admitted, thus affording one long and continuous gallery for the spectators, and by her Majesty's command the train was driven slowly through the long avenue. Her Majesty and Prince Albert stood up in the carriage and acknowledged the loyalty of the people; and the Prince of Wales was invariably to be seen at one or other of the windows, looking out upon the scene and nodding his head in acknowledgment of the cheers which were given for him. Water having been obtained, the train once more started at a rapid pace to Normanton, where the Midland line ends.

Precisely at the hour appointed, six o'clock, the royal train drew up at the Castle Howard station, having performed the journey in rather less than six hours. Lord Carlisle immediately advanced to the royal carriage, and was greeted by her Majesty in the most affectionate manner. The noble earl accompanied her Majesty and the Prince on horseback to

the castle, where the royal party arrived at twenty minutes after six o'clock.

Her Majesty, on entering the mansion, was received by the venerable Countess of Carlisle, who awaited the royal arrival in the entrance hall of the mansion, where she was accompanied by the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Dover, and Lady Caroline Lascelles, her ladyship's daughters, and the juvenile members of their respective families.

The Queen, who was looking remarkably well, and really appeared to have suffered nothing from the fatigue of her long journey, on observing the Countess of Carlisle, hastily advanced towards her ladyship, and saluted her with much affection. Her Majesty next turned to her noble Mistress of the Robes, whom she greeted with much warmth, and having exchanged salutations with the other members of the family, her Majesty was conducted to the suite of apartments prepared for the reception of the royal party.

Her Majesty and the Prince Consort joined the family in the drawing-room very soon after their arrival, and at eight o'clock dinner was served in the centre of the long gallery, where the architectural arrangement produces a circular apartment of considerable extent. Her Majesty was conducted to her seat by the Earl of Carlisle, the Prince Consort leading the venerable Countess. The Queen and the Prince occupied places in the centre of the table. The dinner party invited to meet her Majesty was almost entirely confined to the numerous branches of the Carlisle family. Her Majesty retired early, and before eleven o'clock the mansion presented a scene of the most complete repose.

Wednesday morning opened with a brilliant summer sky, and the Queen was not slow to take advantage of it. At a very early hour her Majesty and the Prince Consort indulged in a morning walk in the gardens on the south front of the mansion. After breakfast the Queen again walked out, accompanied by the Duchess of Sutherland, the Marchioness of Douro, and the Earl of Carlisle. The royal children and the Prince Consort accompanied her Majesty. During the walk the Queen planted an oak sapling in the gardens. The Prince Consort also planted a slip of fir near the same spot. The royal party afterwards extended their walk to the cricket ground in the park, where a game was being played by the gentlemen and yeomen of the district, which her Majesty watched with interest for a considerable period.

Returning to the mansion, her Majesty and the Prince walked through the various apartments, and viewed the pictures and works of art contained therein.

On Thursday morning a large party of the surrounding families were invited to the Castle at breakfast. The Queen's departure was fixed for ten o'clock, and six minutes after that hour the royal carriage arrived at the railway station, which is about three miles from Castle Howard. The royal train arrived at Newcastle station at a quarter to one. In the expectation that her Majesty would alight, the directors had set apart two spacious rooms for her Majesty's reception. The most extraordinary preparations had been made in honour of the royal visit. A placard was issued by the Mayor, not merely requesting that the people of Newcastle should abstain from business altogether for the day, but that they should put out their fires, in order that the atmosphere which her Majesty would have to breathe during the few minutes she remained might be as little tainted with Newcastle smoke as possible. The next stage was Berwick, where the Queen inaugurated the magnificent new viaduct over the Tweed at the Royal Border-bridge. The train arrived at Edinburgh at a quarter past five, when the whole of the population turned out to welcome her. The display was among the grandest and most striking the metropolis of Scotland has ever witnessed.

THE CITIZEN KING.

Louis Philippe died on Monday morning, at Claremont, after a lingering illness, which terminated rather suddenly. He had been made aware of his approaching dissolution early on the preceding day, in the presence of the Queen, and, receiving with calmness the melancholy information thus first broken to him, prepared for the final arrangements which he wished to make. After a conversation with the Queen, he dictated with remarkable clearness of mind a conclusion to his memoirs, in order to complete a history which illness had compelled him to suspend for more than four months. He then caused to be summoned his chaplain, the Abbé Guélie, all his children and grandchildren who were at Claremont at the time, and, in the presence of the Queen and his family, he discharged the last duties of religion. Towards seven o'clock in the evening the debility from which the King had been suffering appeared to have passed over, and fever came on, which continued during the night with much violence, but without disturbing his composure of mind. He expired at eight o'clock on Monday morning, in the presence of the Queen and the following members of his family:—Their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Orleans, the Comte de Paris, the Duke de Char-

tres, the Duke and Duchess de Nemours, the Prince and Princess de Joinville, the Duke and Duchess d'Aumale, the Duchess Augusta of Saxe Coburg, and the attached attendants of the royal household.

Louis Philippe was the eldest son of Louis Philippe Joseph, Duke of Orleans, and of Marie, the only daughter of the wealthy Duke of Penthièvre. He was born in the city of Paris, on the 6th of October, 1773, and was consequently in his 77th year. He was at the head of the Orleans branch of the Bourbon family, which originated in Philippe, a son of Louis the Thirteenth, created Duc d'Orleans by his elder brother, of whom the ex-King was the grandson's great grandson. Philippe, the first Duke of Orleans, was twice married, his last wife being Elizabeth Charlotte of Bohemia, grand-daughter of James I. of England. It was from this lady that the Orleans family descended, and through her has been traced a direct relationship to the line of Stuart. When a minor, Louis Philippe was entitled Duke of Valois, but, on his father succeeding to the title of Duke of Orleans, in 1785, he became Duke of Chartres.

The early education of Louis Philippe and of the other four children of Philippe Egalité was entrusted to the care of Madame de Sillery, afterwards better known by her subsequently adopted title of Countess de Genlis. While receiving instruction in various branches of polite learning, the young Duke of Valois (the late Monarch), the Duke of Montpensier, the Count Beaujolais, and their sister, the Princess Adelaide, learned the English, German, and Italian languages, by being attended by domestics who respectively conversed in these languages. The boys also were trained to endure all kinds of bodily fatigue, and were taught a variety of amusing industrial exercises. At St. Leu, a pleasant country residence near Paris, where the family resided, under the charge of Madame de Genlis, the young princes cultivated a small garden under the direction of a German gardener, while they were instructed in botany and the practice of medicine by a medical gentleman, who was the companion of their rambles. The young Duke of Valois took a pleasure in these pursuits, as also in the industrial occupation of the *ateliers* constructed for them, in which they were taught turning, basket-making, weaving, and carpentering. The Duke excelled in cabinet-making; and, assisted only by his brother the Duke of Montpensier, made a handsome cupboard, and a table with drawers, for a poor woman in the village of St. Leu. During his early youth, as in his more advanced years, the Duke de Valois gave many evidences of a benevolent and noble disposition, sacrificing on many occasions his pocket-money to relieve distress, and exerting himself to succour the oppressed. The Countess de Genlis observes, whilst speaking of his progress and character under her tuition:—

"The Duke of Chartres (he had succeeded to this title on his father becoming Duke of Orleans, in 1789) has greatly improved in disposition during the past year; he was born with good inclinations, and is now become intelligent and virtuous. Possessing none of the frivolities of the age, he disdains the puerilities which occupy the thoughts of so many young men of rank—such as fashions, dress, trinkets, follies of all kinds, and the desire for novelties. He has no passion for money; he is disinterested; despises glare; and is consequently truly noble. Finally, he has an excellent heart, which is common to his brothers and sister, and which, joined to reflection, is capable of producing all other good qualities."

The Journal kept by the young Duke of Chartres at the instance of Madame de Genlis, and which has subsequently been made public, gives an insight into some interesting particulars of his early life, and the sentiments which he then entertained. He was assiduous in acquiring a knowledge of surgery by his visits to the Hotel Dieu, or great public hospital of Paris. As an illustration of his youthful character and pursuits, a few entries in the Journal to which we have alluded may be introduced:—

"Nov. 2 (1790). I was yesterday admitted a member of the Jacobins, and much applauded. I returned thanks for the kind reception they were so kind as to give me, and I assured them that I should never deviate from the duties of a good patriot and a good citizen.—Nov. 26 I went this morning to the Hotel Dieu. The next visit I shall dress the patients myself.—Dec. 2 I went yesterday morning to the Hotel Dieu. I dressed two patients, and gave one six and the three others six livres."

"Jan. 8. In the morning to the Assembly, at six in the evening to the Jacobins. M. de Noailles presented a work on the Revolution by Mr. Joseph Towers, in answer to Mr. Burke. He praised it highly, and proposed that I should be appointed to translate it. This proposition was adopted with great applause, and I foolishly consented, but expressing my fear that I should not fulfil their expectations. I returned home at a quarter-past seven. At night my father told me that he did not approve of it, and I must excuse myself to the Jacobins on Sunday."

In 1791, the young Duke, who had previously received the appointment of colonel in the Fourteenth Regiment of Dragoons, assumed the command of that corps, and almost the first act of his authority was the saving of two clergymen from the

fury of the mob, consequent upon their refusal, in common with many others, to take the oath required by the constitution. Much personal courage was on this occasion displayed by the Duke de Chartres, and equal tact in guiding the feelings of an enraged mob. A similar amount of courage was shown by him in saving from drowning a M. de Siret, of Vendôme, sub-engineer in the Office of Roads and Bridges, and a civic crown was presented to him by the municipal body of the town.

In August, 1791, the Duke de Chartres quitted Vendôme with his regiment, bound for Valenciennes. In April, 1792, war being declared against Austria, the Duke made his first campaign. He fought at Valmy at the head of the troops confided to him by Kellerman, on the 20th of September, 1792, and afterwards on the 6th of November, under Dumourier, at Jemappes. During the period in which the Duke de Chartres was engaged in his military operations the Revolution was hastening to its crisis. The decree of banishment against the Bourbon Capet race, so soon afterwards repealed, seems to have alarmed the mind of the Duke, who earnestly besought his father to seek an asylum on a foreign shore, urging the unhappiness of his having to sit as a judge of Louis XVI. The Duke of Orleans paid no attention to these remonstrances, and, finding that his persuasions were of no avail, the Duke de Chartres returned to his post in the army. The execution of the Duke of Orleans soon afterwards verified the melancholy anticipations of the son. He was put to death on the 21st of January, 1793. Exactly seven months after the death of his father, the Duke de Chartres was summoned before the Committee of Public Safety, and, knowing the sanguinary nature of that tribunal, he instantly fled towards the frontiers. In spite of the eager pursuit which was commenced he escaped into the Belgian Netherlands, then in the possession of Austria. The Austrian authorities invited him to enter their service, but, honourably refusing to take up arms against his country, he retired into private life. Adelaide, Mademoiselle d'Orleans, fled into the same country with her preceptor, Madame de Genlis, and met her brother at Schaffhausen, and accompanied him to Zurich. On his arrival in the town of Zurich the Duke de Chartres found the French emigrants unfavourably disposed towards the house of Orleans, and the magistrates of the canton dreaded to afford refuge to the fugitives, fearing the vengeance of France. Quitting, therefore, as privately as possible, the town of Zurich, they proceeded to Zug, where they hired a small house. Being quickly discovered, they obtained, by the intercession of M. de Montesquieu, admission into the convent of St. Claire, near Baumgarten, the Duke de Chartres proceeding through the different countries of Europe, by no means well provided with means, and mainly indebted to his own tact and abilities for the means of subsistence.

After visiting Basle, where he sold his horses, he proceeded through Switzerland, accompanied by his attached servant Baudoin. The means of the unhappy traveller daily decreased, and it was literally a question of whether the young duke should labour for his daily bread, when a letter from M. de Montesquieu informed him that he had procured for him the situation of teacher in the Academy of Reichenau—a village in the south-eastern portion of Switzerland. Travelling to that locality he was examined as to his proficiency, and ultimately appointed, although less than twenty years of age. He here assumed the name of Chabaud Latour, and here, for the first time, he learned the fate of his father.

In consequence of some agitation in the Grisons, Mademoiselle d'Orleans quitted her retreat at Baumgarten, and retired to the protection of her aunt, the Princess of Conti, in Hungary. At the same time M. de Montesquieu offered the Duke de Chartres an asylum in his own house at Baumgarten, where he remained under the name of Corby until the end of 1794, when, in consequence of his retreat being discovered, he quitted the place.

The fugitive now attempted to go to America, and, resolving to embark at Hamburg, he arrived in that city in the beginning of 1795. In consequence of his funds failing him, he abandoned his project. Being provided with a letter of credit on a banker at Copenhagen he travelled on foot through Norway and Sweden, reaching the North Cape in August, 1795. Here he remained for a short time, returning to Tornes, going thence to Abo and traversing Finland, but avoiding Russia from a fear of the Empress Catherine. After completing his travels through Norway and Sweden, and, having been recognized at Stockholm, he travelled to Denmark under an assumed name.

Negotiations were now opened on the part of the Directory, who had in vain attempted to discover the place of the young Prince's exile, to induce him to go to the United States, promising, in the event of his compliance, that the condition of the Duchess d'Orleans should be ameliorated, and that his younger brothers should be permitted to join him. Through the agency of M. Westford, of Hamburg, this letter was conveyed to the Duke, who at once accepted the terms offered, and sailed from the mouth

of the Elbe in the American, taking with him his servant Baudoin. He departed on the 24th of September, 1796, and arrived in Philadelphia after a passage of twenty-seven days.

In the November following the young Prince was joined by his two brothers after a stormy passage from Marseilles, and the three brothers remained at Philadelphia during the winter. They afterwards visited Mount Vernon, where they became intimate with General Washington, and they soon afterwards travelled through the western country, and after a long and fatiguing journey they returned to Philadelphia; proceeding afterwards to New Orleans, and subsequently by an English ship to Havannah. The disrespect of the Spanish authorities soon compelled them to depart, and they proceeded to the Bahama Islands, where they were treated with much kindness by the Duke of Kent, who, however, did not feel authorized to give them a passage to England in a British frigate. They accordingly embarked for New York, and thence sailed to England in a private vessel, arriving at Falmouth in February, 1800. After proceeding to London they took up their residence at Twickenham, where for some time they enjoyed comparative quiet, being treated with distinction by all classes of society. Here, however, their tranquillity was not undisturbed, for, hearing that the Duchess d'Orleans was detained in Spain, they solicited and obtained from the English Government permission to travel to Minorca in an English frigate. The disturbed state of Spain at that time prevented the accomplishment of their object, and after a harassing journey the three brothers returned to Twickenham. Their time was now principally passed in study, and no event of any importance disturbed their retreat until the death of the Duke de Montpensier, on the 18th of May, 1807. The Prince was interred in Westminster Abbey. The health of the Count Beaujolais soon afterwards began to decline in the same manner as that of his brother. He was ordered to visit a warmer climate, and accordingly proceeded to Malta, where he died in 1808. He was buried in the church of St. John de Valetta.

The Duke of Orleans now quitted Malta, and went to Messina, in Sicily, accepting an invitation from King Ferdinand. During his residence at Palermo he gained the affections of the Princess Amelia, and, with the consent of the King and the Duchess of Orleans, he was married to her in 1809.

No event of any material importance marked the life of the young couple until the year 1814, when it was announced in Palermo that Napoleon had abdicated the throne and that the restoration of the Bourbon family was about to take place. The Duke sailed immediately, and arrived in Paris on the 18th of May, where, in a short time, he was in the enjoyment of all the honours to which he was entitled. The return of Napoleon, in 1815, soon disturbed his tranquillity; and, having sent his family to England, he proceeded, in obedience to the command of Louis XVIII., to take the command of the army of the north. He remained in this situation until the 24th of March, 1815, when he resigned his command to the Duke de Treviso, and retired to Twickenham. On the return of Louis, after the hundred days—in obedience to the ordinance issued, requiring all the princes of the blood to take their seats in the Chamber of Peers—the Duke returned to France in 1815. The first proposition made by the House of Peers on behalf of the restored crown was, that all who had taken part in the revolution should be visited with extreme punishment. Louis Philippe, in his place in Parliament, protested loudly and indignantly against the measure, and, at his instigation, the motion was rejected. Louis XVIII., considerably disgusted, forbade princes of the blood to appear in the Chamber of Peers. The Duke of Orleans retired into seclusion, and revenged himself upon the Court by entering his eldest son in one of the public colleges as a simple citizen.

In 1830, fighting again took place in the streets of Paris. Whilst Charles X. was playing a rubber of whist at St. Cloud, Louis Philippe was nervously watching the issue of a more intricate game at the Palace of Neuilly. Negotiators soon arrived at that chateau. The Duchess of Orleans expressed the greatest indignation when it was proposed that her husband should violate his allegiance to the King, but Madame Adelaide, the Duke's sister, took another view of the matter. She spoke feelingly when she said, "Let them make my brother a President, a National Guard, or anything they please, provided they do not make him an exile or an outlaw."

Louis Philippe entered Paris on the 30th of July, 1830, late at night, in a state of painful uncertainty. The friends of the Republic had threatened to shoot all who dared speak of a Monarchy. Odillon Barrot, to silence all such Republicans, hit upon a happy sentence, the force of which he has since, perhaps, found reason to question:—"The best of Republicans," said he, "is the Duke of Orleans!" So the deputies thought, for they created him lieutenant-general of the kingdom, and from that to the throne was scarcely a step. On the 9th of August the great great grandson of the Regent grasped the sceptre of France. In the presence of God, Louis Philippe,

King of the French, swore to govern only by the laws. It was a great oath.

However amiable some of his private qualities might be, it was soon found that, in his public capacity, Louis Philippe was not acceptable to the French nation. The numerous attempts made to assassinate him are sufficiently familiar. He would not give way to the advancing spirit of the age, and year by year his Government became more and more corrupt and unpopular. With a great private fortune and a liberal civil list, he yet ran into debt. His tradesmen were continually applying to him for payment. He owed his fruiterers 95,000 francs, and his baker at Neuilly, 25,000 francs. No man possessed in a higher degree the mania of heaping provisions, purchasing without measure, and generally without choice. The cellars of Neuilly contained 75,000 bottles of 150 different kinds of wines, and upwards of 1200 full hogsheds. The bronze stores of Villiers were filled with a sufficient quantity of works of art, small statues, clocks, various ornaments in gilt bronze and others, to furnish three palaces.

At last the period of his downfall came. He opposed the reforms loudly demanded, and his subsequent fate is familiar to all. His flight from Paris to the sea-shore; his escape in disguise to England; his kind reception in this country, are well known. Claremont was given to him as an abode, and there, with the exception of some weeks' sojourn at Richmond, and a season spent at St. Leonard's, Louis Philippe continued to reside. Here, too, he breathed his last on the morning of the 26th of August.

THE PEACE CONGRESS.

The long-announced congress of the friends of universal peace commenced its sittings in St. Paul's Church, Frankfort, on Thursday week. Shortly after ten o'clock the president of the Congress, M. Jaup, lately Prime Minister of Hesse Darmstadt, took the chair. On the benches more immediately surrounding him might be distinguished the following gentlemen of note:—M. Bonnet, Pastor of the Reformed Church at Frankfort; M. Carménin, Deputy of the National Assembly, Paris; M. Emile de Girardin, Deputy of the National Assembly and editor of *La Presse*, Paris; M. Vischers, President of the Congress at Brussels, 1848; Dr. Varentrapp, M.D., Frankfort; Dr. Spiess, M.D., Frankfort; Mr. Richard Cobden, M.P.; Mr. Charles Hindley, M.P.; Mr. Elihu Burritt; Mr. Joseph Sturge; Rev. Dr. Hall, Professor in Amherst College, U.S.; Dr. Cleveland, Professor in Philadelphia, U.S.; Mr. Lawrence Heyworth, M.P.; Mr. J. B. Smith, M.P.; Rev. John Burnet; Dr. Lee (Hartwell); &c. &c.

A sufficient proof of the interest excited in Frankfort by this novel assembly was shown in the crowded attendance of its citizens; and we further learn from the local press that up to the evening preceding its session, more than 2000 visitors' tickets were issued, and that these were by no means equal to the demand. On each day the Congress met at ten a.m., and adjourned at three p.m., with the exception of the last sitting, which was protracted till nearly five o'clock. The number of German delegates present was about eighty; a considerable proportion of whom were from Frankfort. The prevalence of three different languages gave a novelty to the proceedings, and bespoke the cosmopolitan character of the Congress.

The plan of proceedings differed slightly from that followed by the Paris Congress. On that occasion various elaborate papers were read, which gave somewhat of a formal air to its deliberations. At Frankfort, set discourses were discarded, and speeches only allowed—a plan which gave it a more sustained and varied interest. The most prominent speakers on the first day were Pastor Bonnet, a popular minister of the French Reformed Church in Frankfort, M. Cormenin, member of the French Legislative Assembly, and well known as a clever writer under the pseudonym of "Timon." M. Emile Girardin and M. Vischers, the latter, in the course of a very sensible and judicious speech, made a happy allusion to the settlement of the civil war in the Netherlands by a Congress as an example of the practicability of such methods of ending international disputes.

Two American delegates took part in the first day's proceedings—the Reverend H. Garnet, a minister of colour, whose very hearty reception was a proof that the sympathies of the audience were not bounded by the colour of a man's skin; and Professor Cleveland, of New York, who, in lieu of a speech, read an eloquent address to the Congress from the Committee of the Peace Society of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Cobden and General Haynau were the heroes of the first day's proceedings. Soon after the opening of the Congress, it was whispered about amongst a select few that no less a person than the great butcher of the Hungarian patriots, and the would-be military dictator of that unhappy country, had appeared, unbidden, within the walls of St. Paul's Church, and was looking down from the elevated gallery upon the singular assemblage beneath. The rumour was correct. There, indeed, sat Haynau

himself—grim and forbidding in aspect. The appearance of Mr. Cobden in the tribune excited not a little curiosity amongst those who were aware of Haynau being present. Twelve months previously the atrocities committed by that general had been denounced by the member for the West Riding in the most indignant terms. In his allusion to the "presence" in which he spoke, Mr. Cobden maintained his character for moral courage and tact. After an able exposition of the common-sense view of arbitration and its practicability, he referred to the signs of progress around them:—"At the last peace meeting which I attended, I was seated side by side with General Klapka; now I am shoulder to shoulder with General Haynau. Now, I think when I see the two leading generals of the age, who were opposed to each other, coming to such meetings as these, there can be no doubt as to the progress we are making. I wish not to say anything of General Haynau—I accept his presence as an indication that our principles begin to arrest attention." This happy and delicate allusion to the Austrian General, although not fully understood by all his auditors, was received with curiosity and expressive silence.

The chief speakers on Friday were foreigners. Mr. Hindley, M.P., moved a resolution condemnatory of standing armaments. He was followed by Herr Stein, a Jewish Rabbi, M. Garnier, secretary of the French Committee, the Reverend Dr. Buller, of Missouri, Dr. Hitchcock, of Amherst College, and the Reverend T. B. Hall, of Rhode Island.

On the appearance of Mr. George Dawson, of Birmingham, the somewhat flagging interest of the meeting seemed revived. His speech was brief, pointed, racy, and in good taste. His allusions to Gutenberg, the inventor of printing, born near Frankfurt—to the influence which that invention was exerting upon the nations—to the taxable nature of Englishmen—to the demoralization of the barrack system—to what soldiers, trained as they were to war, might be "organized" to accomplish—to the sham system of diplomacy—and his elaboration of Carlyle's idea of turning soldiers into labourers, and sending them, spade on shoulder, to subdue the bogs of Ireland—were points which told with much effect upon his auditors, and elicited their hearty applause:—

"He often admired the soldiers, but whenever he saw them he thought what giant works might have been achieved had the military been taught to perform some useful labour with the same regularity and skill as they displayed in their evolutions and exercises. Let them imagine a brigade armed with spades, in order to overcome the sterility of the enemy's ground—what wonders in cultivation and order might be brought to light! Europe's misfortune was her system of diplomacy, that mystery of trickery and concealment. The words of Napoleon must be realized, and our leaders of war become directors of industry, and the people one family."

His picturesque and graphic style of oratory formed a happy contrast to the matter-of-fact and somewhat prosy addresses of some who preceded him.

After the short interval of ten minutes, which was each day allotted for refreshment, had elapsed, Mr. Cobden again ascended the tribune, and delivered one of his happiest speeches. He made a happy comparison between the Indians of the forest and civilized nations—the former burying the hatchet in a time of peace—the latter maintaining an armed truce. Perhaps the most forcible part of his speech was that referring to a pamphlet on war, addressed to the Peace Congress, by Baron Reden, the most distinguished statistical writer of Germany, which, although combating their views, contained some telling facts in their favour. If their meeting, he said, had done nothing else than provoke this pamphlet, from so eminent a man, it would have been worth all the labour they had expended on it. His remarks on the real danger which menaces the Governments of Europe were very striking:—

"The real danger of European Governments is not in war. I was told, two years ago, that there was danger of a European war. No one tells me that now. That is not the danger: the danger everywhere is financial. (Laughter.) 'How can we get more money?' is the outcry. They can get money at this time, because there have been one or two good harvests; but does any man with a head upon his shoulders, and who finds himself worthy to take a place in the Government of a country—does any such man think that the Governments of Europe could be maintained with two successive bad harvests, such as those which come in a cycle of every ten years? No; this event would plunge the whole of Europe again into the vortex of revolution. (Cheers.) This is what I think everybody must admit; and when I see in the time of good harvests throughout the world the Governments neglecting to lay in a store for the future—neglecting to lay up corn in the land of Egypt—I cannot help thinking of the old chancellor who said, 'Go forth, my son, and see with what little wisdom the world is governed.' (Cheers.) We, however, go forth on our own mission—we go forth to rouse the mind of nations on this question. (Cheers.) I think nothing of the taunts with which we are molested. I have always been laughed at for having some Utopia in my head; but I have always made the discovery that whatever is founded in justice and reason must prevail. (Cheers.) I have lived long enough to see that those who cry out with so much boldness against our principles, and who arraign them with the highest acrimony, have not much con-

science in the truth of their own system, and may be found hard by listening to what we have got to say, while they look in their terror not unlike that child who made a disturbance at night in passing through the churchyard to frighten away the ghosts of his own imagination. (Laughter and cheers.) They call us bad names, but they come and listen; and presently we come to get noticed in the long nose Charivari style—they immortalize you in the long nose publication. (Great laughter.) Nevertheless, the Charivari must admit that men of mind and influence belong to the fraternity. No two men of France could have been picked out more ably qualified for the task of proclaiming the principle—no two men better than M. Girardin, the editor of the most eminent journal of the continent, and M. Cormenin, one of the ablest and most spirited of writers. (Cheers.) We have also met here a great host of German professors, and one has just spoken to you from America, Dr. Hitchcock, and a more eminent geologist cannot be found. He has told us, that the Germans are in the habit of going to the foundation of great principles in religion and in morals, in science and in literature—that the German mind plunges to the bottom of every subject. Who, then, could be better adapted for great designs and for great purposes? Give them time. Next time when we come they will be all on our side. (Great cheering.)

The succeeding resolution, condemnatory of war-loans, was most ably supported by M. Drucker, a banker of Amsterdam—a city second only to London in the aid afforded by its merchants, by means of loans, to the great military powers of Europe.

On Saturday, the closing day of the Congress, the chief speakers were Mr. Copway, the converted Indian chief, Dr. Veil, and Dr. Creigenach, of Frankfurt, Mr. Edward Miall, editor of the *Nonconformist*, who made a short and pithy speech, which was well received, Dr. Madonno, of the college of Casale, Piedmont, Mr. Cobden, who spoke in support of non-intervention, Mr. Elihu Burritt, and M. A. Coquerel, son of the celebrated French clergyman.

An exciting incident in the last day's proceedings was the appearance of Dr. Bodenstedt, of Berlin, one of the most eminent literary characters of Germany, a hearty friend of the peace cause, and a distinguished member of the constitutional party. This gentleman arrived only on the morning of the meeting from that city, charged with an important mission. A meeting of the leading members of that party was held before he left, at which Professor Grimm, the two envoys from the Schleswig-Holstein Government, and other eminent Germans were present, by whom he was charged with a written message to the Congress, to the effect that that state would be willing to submit the dispute between itself and Denmark to the arbitration of a committee appointed by that assembly. The committee, with the expression of the high sense they entertained of the compliment thus paid to them, felt compelled to decline bringing the matter before the Congress. Mr. Cobden, in fitting terms, explained how impossible it was for the Congress to accept the offer of the Berlin meeting, unless Denmark were also to invite their arbitration in the matter, and took the opportunity of expressing, on the part of the meeting, their sympathy with Germany in the cause of constitutional freedom, and of assuring their German friends that the people of England entertained nothing but feelings of good-will and esteem for their German brethren.

Previous to breaking up it was resolved that the next meeting of the Peace Congress shall be held in London, in 1851.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S PROGRESS.

The French President was to finish his rather tiresome journey through the provinces about Thursday. The accounts given of his reception at the various places he visited, are somewhat chequered, but on the whole they have been calculated to flatter his self-esteem. On the evening of the day he arrived at Strasburg, a grand dinner was given by the President at the prefecture. Among the personages present were the Princess Stephanie, Grand Duchess of Baden, Generals d'Hautpoul, Magnan, and Brillet, MM. Dumas and Bineau, M. West, the Prefect of the Bas-Rhin; M. de Talnay, French minister at Frankfurt; M. de Bassano, envoy of France to the Grand Duchy of Baden, M. de Schneck, master of the horse to the Grand Duke, who was sent to compliment Louis Napoleon on the part of his master, M. de Reinhardt, French minister at Berne; M. d'Harcourt, French minister at Stuttgart; M. Englehard, French consul at Mayence; the bishop, the heads of the several constituted bodies, and the colonels of the regiments. After dinner, at eight o'clock, commenced the reception of the ladies of the city. The rooms of the prefecture were soon crowded with ladies in ball dresses. But the event which created most sensation was a little surprise, which certainly does honour to the waggery of the Strasburgers. A tremendous display of fireworks had been got up on the rampart of the Porte des Juifs, opposite to the prefecture and theatre. The President's aunt, the Grand Duchess Stephanie, fired the train with her own fair hand; but imagine the disappointment and chagrin of the President's party when they saw opposite to them, in immense blazing characters,

"VIVE LA RÉPUBLIQUE."

Orders had been given that it should be "Vive le President," but General Thouvenin, who commanded the artillery of the National Guard, the body which had the getting up of this flaming compliment, made the small, and not altogether, perhaps, unintentional blunder of putting "République" in the place of "President." When questioned upon the matter he replied that "Vive la République!" was the device in most consonance with the feelings of the citizens of Strasburg. Many of the Strasburg ladies, however, seemed to enjoy the sight excessively. The famous spire of the cathedral was illuminated, and the delicate lines of the Gothic architecture, traced in flame, had a magical effect.

At eight the next morning commenced a round of receptions in the great room, where the President appeared in great state, surrounded by the Ministers, General Magnan, the aides-de-camp, &c. More than 350 old officers of the Empire, all decorated, had come from all points of the department to salute the nephew of Napoleon, to whom they were presented in rapid rotation as they filed off. They were headed by General Leclerc. The President addressed remarks to some, and caused pecuniary assistance to be given to others. After the officers came the non-commissioned officers and the soldiers not decorated; of whom the number was so great that they could not be assembled in the room, but were ranged in the courts of the Prefecture in four long files, along which the President walked accompanied by the Ministers, the Prefect, and General Magnan, followed by an aide-de-camp, who distributed pieces of gold. Five hundred francs was given to a blind soldier led by his granddaughter. The number of these old soldiers was from twelve to fifteen hundred. Finally they filed off, crying out, "Vive Napoleon! Vive l'Empereur!" On his return to the great room the President received from 350 to 400 mayors and deputy-mayors of the communes of the department. To some of these functionaries he spoke German. Many were dressed in the singular local costumes. The crowd outside received every retiring deputation with shouts of "Vive la République!"

The leading incidents of the second day of the President's stay at Strasburg were the grand review of the troops and the National Guard, and the speech at the banquet of the Chamber of Commerce. The review took place at two, on the ground where Kiser's statue is erected. The National Guard was very numerous, and cried "Vive la République!" while the troops set up the rival shout of "Vive le President!" The President went and returned on horseback. He was accompanied by General d'Hautpoul, General Magnan, the Prefect, and a brilliant staff. The Ministers of Public Works and Commerce followed in a carriage. The Polygon, where the review took place, is a vast space between the Rhine and the gate of Austerlitz. An immense crowd of people bordered the whole way from the city, and raised the shout of "Vive la République." At the moment of his arrival at the Polygon a young medical student advanced and cried "A bas le President!" He was immediately arrested.

On the reception of the authorities at the prefecture General Magnan several times addressed the functionaries or the officers of the National Guard, "Pau on, gentlemen, to the right of his highness."

At Mulhausen, delegates of the workmen of M. Hofer, ex-representative, one of the convicted of the High Court of Versailles, wearing crape on the arm and having their banner in mourning, presented to the President a petition for the pardon of M. Hofer, signed by more than 3000 persons of Mulhausen.

His reception throughout the remainder of his progress up to his arrival at Paris, was in the main favourable. At Chalons-sur-Marne, on the night of the 27th, it was everything he could wish it to be. Indeed it was more brilliant than any he had met with throughout his tour. Cries of "Vive Napoleon!" and "Vive le President!" were heard upon all sides; while the streets were splendidly illuminated, and the houses decorated with flags. The authorities of the town gave a ball on the 28th, in honour of the occasion, at which Louis Napoleon was present, and freely entered into conversation with all parties.

THE WEISBADEN CONGRESS.

The Legitimist journals continue to give the most flattering accounts of the proceedings at Weisbaden, where the influx of visitors still continues, the season being favourable for excursions from Paris. But it is not merely from Paris that the visitors of the Count de Chambord come. A number of the provinces have sent delegates. The Count seems to be trying to play the same game with the working men which Louis Napoleon did, before he obtained power. He is described, in the *Opinion Publique*, as taking great interest in the condition of the labouring class. To three members of the deputation from the working men of Paris:—

"He spoke with the greatest emotion of the women and young girls who were exposed by their misery to fall into snares laid for them, and pointed out institutions which might be established for their assistance. He entered with great feeling into the situation of the work-

men who were prevented from earning their bread honestly from want of employment. He also spoke of the means which might be adopted to give employment to liberated convicts, and to bring them back to the paths of honesty. He left the three delegates deeply impressed with gratitude for the solicitude evinced towards the working classes."

The same journal gives an account of a dinner given to the Parisian deputation, at which the Marquis d'Épinay, the Count de Laferronnays, the Prince de Montmorency, the Marquis Duplessis Bellière, and other noblemen were placed here and there among the workmen. This was very clever, and would, no doubt, have its effect for the moment. At the dessert the Prince entered the room, and the company all rose. Having filled a glass he said, "with a deep and vibrating voice—Gentlemen, I give you a toast: to France—to my dear country." The toast was drunk with unbounded enthusiasm, especially by the working men, who are described as having been quite carried away by the spirit of the scene. Each one took away with him the glass in which he had drunk to the health of the Prince. "They hoped that Providence and France would one day allow them to drink to the health of the Count de Chambord in the country of his ancestors, and they, therefore, desired to provide themselves with their glasses."

THE WAR IN THE DUCHIES.

Hostilities are still suspended. The position of the two armies remains the same. The news of the reoccupation of the towns of Tönnning and Friedrickstund by the Holstein troops is now contradicted. The Duchies have received no other assistance from Germany than the private subsidies of men, money, and other necessities; and, whilst on the one hand the *Augsburg Universal Gazette* speaks of a plan of the Bavarian Government to summon a congress of the German states, for the object of giving a mutual help to the Duchies, it is rumoured, on the other hand, by the German press, that, in consequence of the Vienna Cabinet having adhered to the London protocol, 30,000 Austrians composing the Voralberg corps, commanded by the Archduke Albrecht, and the tenth corps of the German Confederation, are destined, if not already ordered, to enter Holstein, to eventually occupy the Duchy of Schleswig, and to destroy the army of the Duchies. But, if the Holsteiners are lacking assistance on the part of official Germany, a new destroyer of human life has just begun its ravages in their ranks, viz., the *Cholera Morbus*. Fortunately for them, their adversaries are suffering more severely from the presence of the same disease. In stating this, we cannot withhold noticing the singular circumstance, that whenever the Russian hordes advance towards the west of Europe they always bring the fatal Asiatic plague. Thus, in 1831, they brought it to Poland, from whence it spread over all Europe, England and France not excepted. Again, in 1849, when they entered Hungary, it followed their footsteps, extending its fatal visit once more to England and France; and now, when only some of their ships approached the eastern coasts of Schleswig-Holstein, the dreadful pestilence has re-appeared, not only in Holstein, but also in Prussia, Denmark, and Sweden; in the two latter countries for the first time. In fact, the cholera accompanies them as once did the locusts the Tartars. Whenever the latter made an inroad into southern Europe they were always accompanied by clouds of locusts, so extensive and dense that they produced a partial eclipse of the sun; and the fearful devastation they made in the fields was always followed by famine and pestilence.

Whilst hostilities are suspended between the two belligerent parties, and the fatal strokes of the cholera have followed those of the cannon and the bayonet, Lord Palmerston has thrown his diplomatic missile against the independence of the Duchies, viz., a note despatched to the Prussian Government, in which he calls upon Prussia, in the terms of her treaty with Denmark, to interfere in Holstein, and, "without delay, to use all the means at her disposal to induce the Lieutenantcy of the Duchies to respect the engagement which Prussia has contracted for Holstein as well as for the other members of the confederation." But to this note the Prussian Cabinet has replied:—"That the invocation of the treaty referred to is a matter of surprise to the Prussian cabinet. None knows better than the mediating power (England) that the simple peace was expressly accepted in the supposition that events were to take their free course, and that the settlement of the differences between the Duchies and the King-duke was to be abandoned to the parties then in presence—the eventualities of a decision by force of arms being expressly taken into account."

Another despatch has since been received at Berlin from Lord Palmerston, inviting Prussia to sign the London protocol. An answer was in preparation containing, of course, a refusal.

According to General Willisen's detailed report of the 22nd instant, based upon lists furnished by the separate regiments, the loss of the Schleswig-Holstein army in the battle of Idstedt, fought on the 26th ultimo, was as follows:—Killed: 22 officers, 2

surgeons, 36 subofficers, 476 privates. Wounded (now in the hospital of Rendsburg): 31 officers, 73 subofficers, 687 privates; likewise wounded, and in Danish hospitals: 14 officers, 51 subofficers, 346 privates. Prisoners: 10 officers, 57 subofficers, and 1005 privates.

The whole debt which the different German states owe to the Duchies for the support of the German troops in Holstein, during the years 1848 and 1849, and which so many (23) of those states now refuse to pay, exactly amounts to 2,718,152 dollars (£407,722 4s. 5d.), the reimbursement of which would enable the Lieutenantcy to preserve Holstein for Germany.

The following is a translation of the protocol agreed upon at the Foreign-office, on the 23rd of August, 1850, by the plenipotentiaries of Austria, Denmark, France, Great Britain, Russia, and Sweden and Norway:—

"The chargé d'affaires of Austria has announced that he has been authorized by his court to adhere in its name to the principles enunciated in the preamble and Article 1 of the protocol of the 2nd of August, 1850, as also to the declarations contained in the Articles 2 and 4; it being always understood that the stipulations of the above-mentioned protocol shall not prejudice the rights of the Germanic Confederation."

"The Minister of Denmark, while he accepts with satisfaction the adhesion thus given by the Court of Austria to the protocol of the 2nd of August, thinks it his duty to recall to recollection that it is well understood that the federal rights of Germany above mentioned can only regard the duchy of Holstein and that of Lauenburg as forming part of the Germanic Confederation."

"The representatives of France, of Great Britain, of Russia, and of Sweden and Norway, while they unanimously render justice to the sentiments which have determined the court of Austria to adhere to the principles established by the protocol of August 2 in the general interest of peace and of the equilibrium of Europe, have taken note of the above-mentioned declarations."

"KOLLER, D. REVENTLOW, E. DROUYN DE LUYIS, PALMERSTON, BRUNNOW, J. T. REHAUSEN."

THE TEXAN BOUNDARY QUESTION.

On the 6th instant President Fillmore addressed a long and important message to Congress on the question of New Mexico, accompanied by an official letter from Mr. Webster, as Secretary of State, to the Governor of Texas, replying to that official's letter on the boundary dispute of Texas. A New York paper, speaking of the message and Mr. Webster's letter, says:—

"Both these documents have elicited the warm approbation of the whole country, with the exception of the portions which are red hot with slavery fanaticism. The President shows that his duty requires him to maintain the *status quo*, and guard New Mexico against the encroachments of Texas, until Congress shall have decided the question of boundary. That question he does not judge; it is enough for him to know that Texas never had possession of New Mexico, that the United States conquered it, and that the treaty of peace with Mexico bound the Union to protect the people of the Territory, and confer on them the rights of American citizens. Moreover, the United States have claims upon the unoccupied lands in the Territory which are not consistent with its abandonment to Texas, and, on these grounds, the President, in firm, yet temperate language, announces his determination to prevent and suppress any hostile demonstrations against New Mexico on the part of Texas. At the same time he urges upon Congress the duty and necessity of promptly settling the boundary question, and putting a peaceful end to the contest. This recommendation came before the passage of the Boundary Bill in the Senate, and doubtless helped it forward. The letter of Mr. Webster to Governor Bell contains a masterly argument of the question, and is every way worthy the reputation of its author. It is indisputable that the new Administration has most creditably met the wants of the crisis, and done all that could be asked for the prevention of any real trouble that may have been threatened in the south-west. Its policy is also in perfect accordance with that pursued by the previous Executive; the tone of President Fillmore's Message is a little more diplomatic, and its language less condensed and positive than would have been employed by General Taylor, but otherwise there is no difference. The Message was received in the House with a great deal of bluster by the champions of the south; and the ultra-slavery party, finding itself embarrassed, held a caucus, at which a Committee of Vigilance reported a series of resolutions of a violent character, but, as it would appear, no practical value."

THE SOUTHAMPTON BANQUET.

The banquet given by the Mayor of Southampton to the Lord Mayor of London and the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, took place in the Town-hall, on Monday evening. About 250 gentlemen sat down to dinner, including Sir Alexander Cockburn, M.P., Lord Dudley Stuart, Lord George Lennox, several members of Parliament, and some twelve or thirteen mayors from different parts of the kingdom. The Mayor, in proposing "the health of Sir A. Cockburn and her Majesty's Ministers," made some remarks on the ministerial policy of last session:—

"Although the Ministry had not taken the road which many of their friends desired, they had travelled by a safe road, and for that the country ought to be thankful. (Hear, hear.) It was probable that many of the gentle-

men who were present did not approve of Ministers going by the Parliamentary train—"Hear, hear," and laughter;—they thought that too slow a rate of travelling. (Hear, hear.) He believed many of those before him would be glad to induce the Ministry to take an express train—(a laugh),—and to travel with the engine of economy, and as they had gone of her Majesty's Ministers present to-night, he (the mayor) hoped that hon. and learned gentleman would impress upon his colleagues the importance of moving a little faster—(laughter and cheers),—for he believed that was the desire of a great majority of the people. The Ministry, perhaps, thought they were the safety-valve of the engine; but he thought the true safety-valve was the people, and it was the anxious desire of the great majority of the country that the Government should travel a little faster, but not in increasing salaries—(a laugh),—otherwise they must be left far behind by the progress of the nation. (Hear, hear.)

The Solicitor-General, in acknowledging the toast, said:—

"He was quite sure he only spoke the sentiments of her Majesty's Government when he said that they were anxious to discharge their duties in such a manner as to maintain and promote all the great interests of the country. Allowance must, however, be made for the position in which the Government were placed. The Mayor had said that he did not quite approve of Ministers travelling by the Parliamentary train, but it was a very difficult thing to make all classes of the community go on at the pace at which the Mayor was desirous of travelling. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) There was this advantage in the Parliamentary train, that it was at all events a cheap one. (Hear, hear.) If they wanted to travel very rapidly, they would have to pay so much the more dearly for it."

PRUSSIA AND AUSTRIA.

Prussia has accepted the Austrian proposition for the formation of a committee composed of plenipotentiaries of the various German states, to be entrusted with the management of the material affairs of the Confederation. The decision is likewise accepted as to the Mayence affair by a committee of arbitration; but the Austrian demand to stop the march of the Baden troops until the division of the said committee of arbitration has been refused. Prussia has chosen the state of Oldenburg as arbiter in the Mayence business.

The cholera has broken out in Prussia. In the small town of Torgau, containing only 7000 inhabitants, 40 cases in one day proved fatal. It has considerably decreased at Magdeburg.

ROSSUTH'S LETTER TO GENERAL CASS.

Kutaya (Asia Minor), May 25, 1850.

GENERAL.—It is already ten months that I have the anguish of exile to endure. Nature has man's mind with wonderful elasticity endowed. It yields to many changes of fate, and gets accustomed even to adversity. But to one thing the patriot's heart never learns to inure itself—to the pangs of exile.

You remember yon patrician of Venice, who, when banished, feigned high treason, that he might at least from the scaffold cast over the Rialto a glance once more.

This fond desire I can easily understand. I can so the more, because yon Venetian, though exiled, knew his fatherland to be happy and great; but I, Sir, carry the dolor of millions, the pains of a downtrodden country in my wounded breast, without having even the sad consolation to think that it could not otherwise be. Oh, had Divine Providence only from treason deigned me to preserve, I swear to the Almighty God the threatening billows of despotism would have fallen like foam from the rock of my brave people's breasts. To have this firm conviction, Sir, and instead of the well-deserved victory of freedom, to find oneself in exile, the fatherland in chains, is a profound sorrow, a nameless grief.

Neither have I the consolation to have found mitigations of this grief at the hospitable hearth of a great free people, the contemplation of which, by the imposing view of freedom's wonderful powers, warms the despondent heart, making it in the destiny of mankind believe.

It is not a coward lamentation which makes me say all this, General, but the lively sense of gratitude and thankful acknowledgments for your generous sympathy. I wanted to sketch the darkness of my destiny, that you might feel what benefit must have been to me your beam of light, by which you, from the capital of free America, have heightened my night.

It was in Broussa, General, that the notice of your imposing speech has reached me; in yonder Broussa, where Hannibal bewailed his country's mischief and foretold the fall of its oppressors. Hannibal, exiled like myself, but still unhappier, as he was accompanied in exile by the ingratitude of his people, but I by the love of mine.

Yes, General, your powerful speech was not only the inspiration of sympathy for unmerited misfortune, so natural to noble feeling hearts—it was the revelation of the justice of God—it was a leaf from the book of fate, un-

voiled to the world. On that day, General, you were sitting, in the name of mankind, in tribunal, passing judgment on despotism and the despots of the world: and, as sure as the God of Justice lives, your verdict will be accomplished.

Shall I yet have my share in this great work, or not? I do not know. Once almost an efficient instrument in the hands of Providence, I am now buried alive. With humble heart will I accept the call to action, should I be deemed worthy of it, or submit to the doom of inactive sufferings, if it must be so. But, be it one or the other, I know that your sentence will be fulfilled. I know that aged Europe, at the sun of Freedom's young America, will herself grow young again. I know that my people, who proved so worthy of liberty, will yet, notwithstanding their present degradation, weigh heavy in this balance of fate; and I know that, as long as one Hungarian lives, your name, General, will be counted among the most cherished in my native land, as the distinguished man, who, a worthy interpreter of the generous sentiments of the great American people, has, upon us poor Hungarians, the consolation bestowed of a confident hope, at a moment when Europe's decrepid politics seemed our unmerited fate for ever to seal.

May you be pleased, General, to accept the most fervent thanks of an honest friend of freedom. Let me hope that, should Mr. Ujhazy (my oldest and best friend, and present representative in the United States), in the interest of the holy cause to which you have so generously your protection accorded, addresses himself to you for something which you might, in your wisdom, judge convenient and practicable, you will not withhold from us your powerful support; and please to accept the assurance of my highest esteem and most peculiar veneration.

L. KOSSUTH, Anc. Governor of Hungary.

To the honourable the General Cass, Washington.

I hope you will excuse my bad English. I thought it my duty to address you in your own language.

THE ENGINE-DRIVERS' STRIKE.

A meeting of the engine-drivers and firemen took place at Stratford, on Saturday, for the purpose of receiving the report of the deputation to the directors of the Eastern Counties Railway Company, and considering what steps ought to be taken. A letter was read by the chairman, embodying the views of the committee, which were, that an honourable compromise should be offered. After some discussion it was resolved that this letter should be sent to the directors.

The Chairman then addressed the meeting. He was quite sure the public were still in favour of the engine-drivers, and he was very desirous that they should by their conduct keep the public in their favour. (Hear.) The directors had now got the shareholders to back them in their proceedings. Had the shareholders demanded a committee of inquiry, the case would be different; but should the decision of the directors on Tuesday—as it might, and probably would—be adverse to them, he called upon them in that event to stand together like men. (Hear, hear.) Let there be no individual fear, no skulking or cringing back to Mr. Gooch. (Hear, hear.) Might the exorcism of his fellow-workmen fall upon any man who did so. (Hear, hear.) They had taken the step they had done in support of the great principle, that labour as well as property had its rights. He admitted that, "with the greatest kindness, other companies had taken first-rate men off the foot-plates of their own engines, and sent them off to work on the Eastern Counties." The same system was working on other lines, and the engine-drivers and firemen of every other line knew not how soon it might be their turn to be served in the same way as those of the Eastern Counties had been. It therefore behoved them all to look out. The lesson had not been lost upon the men—the country had taken up the question. The engine-drivers on other lines were ready. He did not advise them to fan the flame, but he advised them to keep quiet, but be firm—to keep their mouths shut and their ears open. Depend upon it, if any of them backed out and crouched to Mr. Gooch, he would grind them to the earth. The engine-drivers of the Eastern Counties had at present no combination, but they had the sympathy of the whole locomotive world. There was a railway as large as the Eastern Counties, and as many men, who were so dissatisfied with their treatment that they were quite ripe for a revolt; and, although they might bring a few blacks collected from various railways to one railway, let the engine-drivers and firemen of two or three of the largest railways make a movement, and they would turn the tables and make the directors shake in their shoes. (Hear, hear.) A letter had been received by the committee from Leeds that morning, which proved how little was needed to set the matter going.

At the request of the meeting the chairman read the letter which had been received from Leeds. It stated that a meeting of the enginemen and firemen of all the lines of railway running into Leeds had been held in that town, and that a resolution had been unanimously come to—that if the authorities of the Eastern Counties did not come to an amicable settlement with the men they would take measures to stop every line in the country; and they would then teach such locomotive superintendents as Messrs. Gooch and Carberry (the locomotive superintendent of the York and North Midland line) how to treat men placed under their control.

THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.

The long-promised experimental operations for establishing a continuous and comprehensive system of telegraphic communication between Great Britain and the whole of the Continent of Europe, by means of wires sunk between Dover and Calais, were commenced at Dover, on Tuesday morning, but were abruptly terminated by a brisk gale which sprung up, with a rolling sea, rendering it inadvisable to proceed that day.

On Wednesday morning the work was renewed under more favourable auspices. At half-past ten the *Goliath*, steam-ship, rode out to the Government pier with her telegraphic tackle and apparatus on board, under a calm sea and sky and a favouring wind. The connection between the thirty miles of telegraphic wire, one-tenth of an inch in diameter, and encased in a covering of gutta serena the thickness of a little finger, and which was coiled round a large cylinder or drum amidships, 15 ft. by 7, was then made good to 300 yards of the same wire enclosed in a leaden tube on shore to prevent it from being bruised by the shingle on the beach, and to enable the experimenters as they proceeded out to sea to send communications on shore. The vessel being fully under weigh steamed out at the rate of about three or four miles an hour into the open sea, in a direct track for Cape Grinez, twenty-one miles across Channel, the nearest landmark to the English coast, and lying midway between Calais and Boulogne. The wire weighed five tons and the cylinder two. The vessel was preceded by Captain Bullock, R.N., of her Majesty's steam-ship *Widgeon*, who accompanied the experimenters as a pilot, and who had caused the track of the navigation to be taken to be marked out by a succession of buoys surmounted with flags on the whole route between the English and French coasts.

The operation of paying out the 30 miles of wire commenced on a signal to the sailors to "go ahead with the wheel" and "pay out the wire," which was continuously streamed out over a roller at the stern of the vessel, the men, at every sixteenth of a mile being busily engaged in rivetting on to the wire square leaden clumps or weights, of from 14 lb. to 24 lb. weight, and which had the effect of sinking the wire in the bottom of the sea, which, on the English coast, has a depth of 30 feet, and varies from that to 100 to 180 feet. As may be imagined, the deck of the *Goliath*, as she sailed slowly over a serene sea way from point to point, presented a busy and animating scene, under the perpetual paying out of the electric line, amid notifications from time to time of its being sunk down securely by its aplomb of weights in its oceanic cement of shell and sand. The whole of the casting out and sinking was accomplished with great precision and success. Owing to the favourableness of the day, the apprehensions of difficulty to arise from the swell of a spring tide or the swaying of a high wind that might have caused the vessel to diverge from its due course and seek shelter in the Downs, had no likelihood of fulfilment.

Various interesting salutations were kept up hourly during the progress of submerging the wire between the gentlemen on board and Messrs. G. and W. Brett, the original promoters of the enterprise. The only conjectured difficulty on the route was at a point in mid-channel, called the ridge—by the French, *Le Colbart*, between which and another inequality called the *Varne*—both well known and dreaded by navigators—there is a deep submarine valley, surrounded by shifting sands, the one being seventeen miles in length and the other twelve, and in their vortex not unlike the voracious one of the Goodwin Sands, ships encounter danger and lose their anchors and drifts; and trolling nets of fishermen are frequently lost.

Over this physical configuration, however, the wire was successfully submerged below the reach, it is believed, of either ships' anchors, sea animals, or fishing nets, though it will be curious to know that it withstands the agitation of the wild under currents and commotions that are supposed to be the characteristics of such localities. The remainder of the route, though rougher on approaching the coast of France, was accomplished cleverly but slowly. The following despatch will show how the business was finished:—

CAPE GRINEZ, COAST OF FRANCE, HALF-PAST 8 P.M.

[By Submarine Telegraph.]

The *Goliath* has just arrived in safety, and the complete connection of the underwater wire with that left at Dover this morning is being run up the face of the cliff. Complimentary interchanges are passing between France and England under the Straits and through it for the first time. The French mail may not arrive at Dover in time, but, in a short time, on the necessary arrangements being complete, Paris news and closing prices at the Bourse will be communicated by a mail that sets time and detention at defiance.

ELECTRO-MAGNETISM A MOTIVE POWER.

The Americans seem resolved to outstrip the old world in all manner of scientific inventions. Hardly a mail arrives from New York without bringing intelligence of some marvellous invention or other which

is to revolutionise the world. Unfortunately the greater number of them never get farther than the first announcement. The latest wonder imported from that quarter is an account, which we borrow from the *Washington Intelligencer*, of the application of electro-magnetism as a substitute for steam. Professor Page, in a series of lectures which he has been delivering before the Smithsonian Institution states that there is no longer any doubt of the application of this power as a substitute for steam:—

"He exhibited the most imposing experiments ever witnessed in this branch of science. An immense bar of iron, weighing one hundred and sixty pounds, was made to spring up by magnetic action, and to move rapidly up and down, dancing like a feather in the air, without any visible support. The force operating upon this bar he stated to average three hundred pounds through ten inches of its motion. He said he could raise this bar one hundred feet, as readily as through ten inches, and he expected no difficulty in doing the same with a bar weighing one ton, or a hundred tons. He could make a pile-driver or a forge-hammer with great simplicity, and could make an engine with a stroke of six, twelve, twenty, or any number of feet.

"The most beautiful experiment we ever witnessed was the loud sound and brilliant flash from the galvanic spark, when produced near a certain point in his great magnet. Each snap was as loud as a pistol; and when he produced the same spark at a little distance from this point, it made no noise at all. This recent discovery he stated to have a practical bearing upon the construction of an electro-magnetic engine. Truly, a great power is here; and where is the limit to it?

"He then exhibited his engine, of between four and five horse power, operated by a battery contained within a space of three cubic feet. It looked very unlike a magnetic machine. It was a reciprocating engine of two feet stroke, and the whole engine and battery weighed about one ton. When the power was thrown on by the motion of a lever, the engine started off magnificently, making one hundred and fourteen strokes per minute; though, when it drove a circular saw ten inches in diameter, sawing up boards an inch and a quarter thick into laths, the engine made but about eighty strokes per minute. There was great anxiety on the part of the spectators to obtain specimens of these laths, to preserve as trophies of this great mechanical triumph. The force operating upon his magnetic cylinder throughout the whole motion of two feet, was stated to be six hundred pounds when the engine was moving very slowly, but he had not been able to ascertain what the force was when the engine was running at a working speed, though it was considerably less. The most important and interesting point, however, is the expense of the power. Professor Page stated that he had reduced the cost so far that it was less than steam under many and most conditions, though not so low as the cheapest steam-engines. With all the imperfections of the engine, the consumption of three pounds of zinc per day would produce one horse power. The larger his engines (contrary to what has been known before) the greater the economy. Professor Page was himself surprised at the result. There were yet practical difficulties to be overcome; the battery had yet to be improved; and it remained yet to try the experiment on a grander scale, to make a power of one hundred horse, or more.

"Truly the age is fraught with wonders; and we can now look forward with certainty to the time when coal will be put to better uses than to burn, scald, and destroy."

MARRIAGES IN HIGH LIFE.

Several marriages have taken place, this week, among the upper classes, none of which would probably have called forth any special description had they taken place at St. George's, Hanover-square, but as one of them was celebrated in the neighbourhood of Brighton, the brilliant ceremony appears to have electrified the reporter of the *Brighton Guardian*, who indulges in a style of imaginative description, worthy of the best days of the *Minerva Press*. After a preliminary statement that the "all-engrossing topic in fashionable circles," for some time has been the rumoured alliance between Miss Augusta Musgrave, daughter of the late Reverend Sir Christopher Musgrave, of Eden-hall, Cumberland, and Colonel Bonham, of the 10th Hussars; the Brighton historian goes on to describe the marvellous excitement exhibited among the population on the morning of the marriage. At an early hour groups of persons, chiefly females, were seen wending their way through the fields to Hove Church, where the ceremony was to take place. Long before the appointed hour the churchyard was crammed with spectators, waiting to catch a glimpse of the two important persons who were to be joined in wedlock. And well were they rewarded for their pains. Here we must quote the local historian, whose attention to the dress of the parties is admirably minute:—

"Considerable sensation was created by the entry of Col. Bonham, the bridegroom, and his brother, Mr. E. Bonham. Both are fine handsome men, wearing the *moustache à la militaire*. The bridegroom wore a blue dress coat relieved with bright buttons, a white waistcoat, trousers of a light grey material, and white necktie. Mr. E. Bonham wore a blue frock coat, a white waistcoat, and brown barred trousers. After a short delay general attention was directed to the arrival of the carriages containing the bridesmaids. These were ten in number, attired uniformly in white, with pink *gacé* polkas, white transparent bonnets, and white satin shoes. Each carried a choice bouquet. The ladies acting as bridesmaids were—The Misses Harriet and Fanny Musgrave (sisters

of the bride), Miss Tracy, Miss A. Tracy, Miss F. Bonham, Miss J. Bonham, Miss Diana Anderson, Miss Graham, Miss Peters, and Miss Hodgson.

"Having alighted from their carriages (three in number), these ladies waited at the porch some few minutes until the arrival of the bride, who came in a carriage accompanied by Sir George Musgrave, the Dowager Lady Musgrave and Miss Jane Hasell.

"The bride, who is thought to bear a striking resemblance to her Majesty the Queen, though of rather a darker style of beauty, was dressed in a white *glacé* silk, relieved with two broad flounces of Honiton lace. Over her shoulders hung a veil of Honiton lace, flowing gracefully from a wreath of orange-flowers, which formed her only head-dress. She wore her hair braided. A choice bouquet of white roses and orange flowers diffused an atmosphere of fragrance around her as she swept along. Her cheek was slightly pale as she entered the porch."

An elaborate account of the way in which the parties approached the altar now follows, and we are told how the clergyman "read the full marriage service in the most solemn and impressive manner"; how the wedding-party adjourned to the vestry, whence they shortly emerged, "the gallant colonel leading his now smiling bride to the western porch, along a path strewn with flowers, and the gentlemen all wearing favours of white satin and silver acorns"; and how the crowd were so eager to catch a glimpse of the bride that it was with the utmost difficulty the bridesmaids, in their "white transparent bonnets and white satin shoes," could maintain their position near the bride.

At last, however, the marriage procession reached the residence of the bride in Brunswick-square, where an immense crowd was in waiting to receive them, the band of the 8th Irish Hussars all the while riding round the square, playing "The Bridal Waltz," and other inspiring tunes. We shall not enter upon any description of the elegant *déjeuner* to which the wedding-party sat down on their return. We may merely mention in the language of our authority, that "elaborate confections, fragrant bouquets, silver wine-coolers, and other costly adornments, imparted an air of richness and refinement to the whole." We may add also that the gallant colonel and his bride intended to pass the honeymoon at Tunbridge Wells.

A concluding paragraph relates that another grand marriage was to take place at Brighton parish church on the following day (Wednesday)—that of Lord Alwyne Compton, fourth son of the Marquis of Northampton, to Miss Florence Anderson, daughter of the late Reverend Robert Anderson. We are sorry that no particulars are given of the bridegroom's dress, so that we are unable to say whether he wore light or dark trousers. This we may mention, however, on the authority of our Brighton contemporary, "that it was arranged that the bridesmaids of Miss Musgrave should be those of Miss Anderson also."

A RUNAWAY MARRIAGE.

Much alarm was created, on Tuesday week, at Slebech-hall, the seat of the Baron de Rutzen, near Havrfordwest, by the mysterious disappearance of the eldest daughter of that nobleman. The young lady, who is said to be beautiful and highly accomplished, had, for some days previously, left home at an early hour every morning for the ostensible purpose of gathering mushrooms. On Tuesday morning she went out at the usual hour, in her morning dress and carrying a small basket on her arm. After the lapse of several hours the family assembled at breakfast, and Miss de Rutzen not being present, anxious enquiries were made, but the only account the servants could give was that she had gone out early in the morning to gather mushrooms, and had not returned. This gave rise to considerable alarm, inasmuch as she had always previously returned from her morning walks in time for breakfast. The servants were immediately despatched in all directions in search of her, but without success, and at length it was feared that she had been accidentally drowned in one of the fish ponds near the mansion, and men were set to drag them, but without finding any trace of her.

Matters continued to wear a most gloomy aspect until about two o'clock in the afternoon, when the mystery was explained by the arrival of a servant on horseback, with a letter to the baron, from Richard Lord Philipps, Esq., of East Hook, apprising him of his marriage at St. Bride's Church, that morning, to the fair mushroom-gatherer, and enclosing a certificate of the completion of the nuptial ceremony. It appears that Mr. Philipps has been for some time an ardent admirer of Miss de Rutzen, and that his attentions were received favourably by her; but the parents of the lady did not favour his suit, although he was a frequent visitor at the hall, and is a member of one of the oldest and most respectable families in the county.

SCANDALOUS ECCLESIASTICAL DISCIPLINE.

The town of Wakefield was the scene of extraordinary excitement on Sunday in consequence of that being the day fixed by the Ecclesiastical Court of Richmond for the performance of penance in the parish church of Wakefield, by Mr. Joseph Horner, senior, corn-mer-

chant and miller, a highly-esteemed inhabitant of that town. Some months since Miss Fernandes, whose brother is lessee of the Wakefield Sock Mills, was receiving the addresses of a respectable merchant of the town, but the match was rather abruptly broken off, and Miss Fernandes went to a distance to reside for a time. Slandrous reports speedily followed upon the announcement of the match being broken off, and these rumours were repeated by Mr. Horner. Upon being called upon for his authority he could not, or would not, give it. Consequently, a suit was instituted against him in the Richmond Ecclesiastical Court, and the judgment was, that he should, on Sunday, August 25th, perform penance in the vestry of Wakefield parish church, and there read a recantation of the slander, in terms to be dictated by Miss Fernandes' proctor. Mr. Horner being highly-respected in the locality, a very large concourse of persons assembled round Mr. Horner's residence on Sunday morning, and, forming a procession, walked to the church, with Mr. Horner at their head. At the door of the church one of Mr. Horner's sons begged the sympathizers, whose cheering, clapping of hands, and waving of hats, had been unbounded, to retire, out of respect to the day. Notwithstanding that rain was falling heavily, thousands who had assembled remained opposite the church until after the penance had been gone through as required by the court, after which they reformed a scandalous procession, and returned to Mr. Horner's residence. Here a paper was read from a window adjoining his house, detailing the facts, after which many cheers were given, and, at the earnest request of Mr. Horner's family the crowd dispersed. A large body of police was in attendance to keep order, but no disturbance took place.

THE TYPE-FOUNDERS' STRIKE.

In consequence of the introduction of French workmen into the foundry of Messrs. Caslon and Son, letter-founders, in Chiswell-street, St. Luke's, in place of the men who have turned out against a reduction of wages, much excitement has been produced in that neighbourhood, by the appeals made to the public. On Wednesday, a considerable crowd assembled in Chiswell-street, drawn thither partly by the spectacle of a man walking up and down in front of the foundry, carrying a placard to the following effect:—

"FRENCH INVASION.

"Englishmen struggling for the just remuneration for their toil. The typefounders, late in the employment of Caslon and Fagg, Chiswell-street, Finsbury, have been out on strike for eleven weeks to resist a reduction of wages. Every man in the firm, to the number of ninety-six, still continue out, not a man having left the body during the whole time, and, Britons not having been found base enough to betray their fellow-countrymen, Fagg and Caslon have resorted to the atrocious experiment of introducing Frenchmen and women for the purpose of depriving us Englishmen of a part of our means of honourable subsistence. A few weeks ago eight French men and two women were introduced in our places, and still continue—Fagg and Caslon having publicly expressed their regret that we were not intimidated, and did not immediately accede to their terms. Another importation has arrived of six men and two women; Englishmen, will you permit this? Do you approve of your own countrymen being oppressed, ground to the dust, compelled to work for an inadequate means of subsistence? Are our children to be clothed in rags, and we insulted by Fagg's? Remember, English workmen were turned out of France two years ago, and they were not working under the price of Frenchmen!—Committee rooms of London typefounders, George Inn, Foster's-buildings, Whitecross-street, where all communications and assistance will be received from ten a.m. till nine p.m."

The placard-bearer was taken in charge by the police, and another man who was encouraging the crowd to rescue the placard-bearer. They were brought up at Worship-street Police-office on Thursday, and both ordered to find bail for their good behaviour for three months. A fine of 40s. was also imposed upon the man who had obstructed the policemen in the execution of their duty. Bail having been given, and the fine paid, both prisoners were released.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The bells of the principal metropolitan churches rang merry peals, and the Tower and Park guns fired a royal salute at one o'clock, on Monday in honour of Prince Albert's birthday. He is now thirty-one years of age. In the evening the establishments of the royal tradesmen at the West-end were illuminated. The Guards' Club-house, Pall Mall, the Gallery of Illustration, Regent-street, Her Majesty's Theatre, the Haymarket Theatre, the Italian Opera House, Covent-garden, &c., also displayed ornamental devices in gas.

An equestrian statue of her Majesty is about to be erected in Glasgow, in commemoration of the royal visit in 1849.

The Duchess of Gloucester has arrived at Plas Newydd, Anglesey, on a visit to the Duchess of Cambridge.

The Prince of Leiningen left town on Tuesday evening on a visit to the Duchess of Kent, at Aberfeldie Castle, Aberdeenshire.

The obsequies of Louis Philippe will take place on Monday, at half-past eight o'clock in the morning, in the private chapel at Claremont, without any official solemnity. After the funeral service, the procession will set out for Weybridge, and will accompany the body on foot as far as the gate of the park; thence the Princes, and the persons attached to the royal family, will proceed in mourning coaches to Weybridge Common, near the railroad station, where the *cortège* will halt, and proceed on foot to the Roman Catholic Chapel of Miss Taylor, who, on a request having been made to her to that effect, lost no time in placing the chapel at the disposal of the royal exiles of Claremont. The ex-Queen and her children have decided that the mortal remains of Louis Philippe shall be deposited for the present in the vault of this chapel, there to rest till the gates of France shall be thrown open to the Orleans family. The ex-Queen and

the royal family will continue to reside at Claremont, in order to remain united near the last relics of the head of their house.

It is said the King of the Belgians has been appointed testamentary executor and trustee of his father-in-law, the deceased King. Thus the duty will devolve on Leopold of maintaining that union of interests and harmony of action among the surviving members of the house of Orleans, which was latterly the chief care of the ex-King.

One of the last acts of Louis Philippe is highly creditable to him. It is well known that he had claimed from the Republic, as his personal property, the Standish Museum, and that the question, having been referred to the Council of State, was decided in his favour. Last week he made a present of the museum to the State.

The Duke of Wellington has been appointed by the Queen Ranger and Keeper of St. James's-park and Hyde-park, in the room of the late Duke of Cambridge.

Lord John Russell has arrived at Taysmouth Castle, Perthshire, on a visit to the Marquis of Breadalbane.

An officer of a crack cavalry regiment, in writing to the Duke of Wellington, addressed his grace "Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington." The duke was disgusted, and immediately issued the educational order.—*United Service Gazette.*

The Earl of Stamford and Warrington, with a friend, this season killed 261 head of grouse in two days and a half, on his lordship's moors in Lancashire.

Sir George Simpson, of the Hudson's Bay Company, has arrived at Lachine from a tour through the territories of the company. He brought no intelligence from the Arctic Regions relative to Sir John Franklin. Lieutenant Pullen, of the boat expedition along the north coast, had wintered at Great Slave Lake, and would proceed in the summer to renew his explorations.

In consequence of the death of Mr. Robinson a vacancy has occurred in the representation of Poole. Two candidates are in the field, Mr. Savage, of St. Leonard's, Kent, a Protectionist, and Mr. Seymour, of Knoyle House, near Shaftesbury, a Free-trader.

The Reverend Dr. Bardin, librarian to the Bodleian Library at Oxford, having represented to the Lords of the Treasury that he has purchased at Posen, for that library, a large collection of books of Polish history and literature, their lordships have given directions to the proper authorities of the revenue for the free delivery of the books for the purpose stated. The collection alluded to, contained in several packages, has arrived in a steamship from Hamburg.

Mr. G. A. Osborne, pianist and composer, has been nominated by his Majesty William the Third, King of the Netherlands, a Chevalier of the order of the "Couronne de Chêne."

It is currently rumoured in clerical circles that a large metropolitan rectory may be expected to fall vacant in the course of a few days by the resignation of the present incumbent, who has intimated to the authorities his intention of joining the communion of the Roman Catholic Church.

The President of the French Republic has sent a superb sword of honour, which formerly belonged to the Emperor, to General Narvaez, accompanied by a very flattering letter.

The Duke of Bordeaux left Wiesbaden on the 24th, to pay a visit to his sister-in-law, the Duchess of Modena. On the 25th he was to return, in order to receive a crowd of new visitors at the Hotel Durenger. Among these were expected the ex-Minister of Louis Philippe, M. de Salvandy, the Duke of Rohan, the Valmy, MM. Leo de Laborde, Bechard, and Dufougerais, members of the Assembly. The Legitimist camp at Wiesbaden will break up at the end of the month, at least this is the period fixed for the departure of the Comte de Chambord.

The French papers state that the President, on his way back from Cherbourg, will visit Queen Victoria at the Isle of Wight. Now, as he is to arrive at Cherbourg on the 3rd of September, and remain only three days, and as the Queen will not return from Scotland till the beginning of October, we may conclude that Louis Napoleon will not visit Osborne this year.

The Nepalese Ambassador and his suite, accompanied by Captain Fanshawe, their interpreter, have been lionizing in Paris during the last ten days. On Thursday week they visited the galleries and museum of the Louvre. They greatly admired all they saw, but what appeared to please them most was the gallery containing Chinese designs and utensils. In the Hotel Sinet, the distinguished strangers lodge in apartments entirely separated from the rest of the hotel. They communicate with no one, and keep their curtains constantly closed. As their religion requires them to kill their own meat, the Prefect of Police, on the request of the English Embassy, has consented to allow animals to be slaughtered in the hotel.

A letter from Mazzini appears in the *République*, defending himself against the charges brought in a journal of Turin and repeated in the *Univers*, relative to his administration.

M. Dupont, editor of the *Echo de Visone*, and M. Chavoix, a member of the Mountain in the Legislative Assembly, have been engaged in a duel, which proved fatal to the former. The unfortunate gentleman was shot in the head, and died instantly.

The Minister of the Interior has decided that the marble bust of M. de Balzac shall be placed in the gallery of the celebrated men of the 19th century in the Museum of Versailles. He at the same decided that the marble necessary for the statue shall be offered to the subscription formed for raising a monument to the celebrated writer.

A new, or rather old, pretender to the throne of France has reappeared in the field, *apropos* of a piece, called "Louis XVII.," which is about to be played at the theatre of the Vaudeville. M. Paul Ernest is to play the part of the Orphan of the Temple, who died when ten years of age. The Comte de Richmond, who it,

seems, has not renounced his character of Pretender, is about to bring an action against the director of the Vau-deville, for producing a piece in which he is made to die at the age of ten years, whereas he is still alive, in perfect health, and ready to assert his claim to the crown of France.

A letter from Jersey announces the proximate gathering of a French democratic congress. Already some deputies were arrived from France. Ledru Rollin and co-peers were daily expected from London.

Lola Montes, notwithstanding her sudden disappearance from the sumptuous apartments she furnished in the Beaujon quarter, seems to be still lingering in the neighbourhood of Paris. Her presence in the suburbs is said to have been detected by the police, from the frequent visits of her maid to the Monte de-Piété with lace and jewels to pledge. It is reported that some *litterateur*, whose pen is skilled in the handling of gallant chronicles, is preparing a volume of Lola's memoirs for the press.

The Empress Dowager of Brazil arrived at Ostend, on Tuesday, by a special train from Verviers. This princess, aged only thirty-eight years, has been a widow since the demise of the Emperor Don Pedro I., sixteen years since. She is daughter of Prince Eugene, Duke of Leuchtenburg, Prince of Eichstadt. The Empress Amelie is accompanied by the Duchess of Braganza, her daughter, and a rather numerous suite.

The University of Jena has recently conferred the honorary degree of doctor upon our co-religionist M. Meyerbeer. There is a peculiarity attached to this act which enhances the value of the tribute to the composer's talent. It is the first issued by that university to a professor of music.

A rather strange scene is exhibited just now in Brussels, where Prince Metternich has been receiving visits and notes from many high personages, who are anxious to be assisted with his advice on the present state of the German question. The King of Bavaria lately paid the prince a visit. The Austrian diplomatists have waited on him, but the old councillor declines to enter into nearer relations with that court. He attributes his overthrow to the intrigues of the Emperor's mother, who, as early as 1843, had endeavoured to bring about the abdication of Ferdinand in favour of her husband, a project which Metternich successfully opposed, although Count Kolowrat and the Archduke John supported the wily lady. It is remarkable that these personages also showed themselves exceedingly eager for Metternich's resignation in March, 1848.

Letters from Ischl state that the Duke of Brunswick has arrived there from Venice, in order to be present at the celebration of the Emperor's birthday. He will accompany his Majesty to Vienna.

The Prince of Syracuse has been passing the summer in Castellamare, where he has led the life of a country gentleman, with a large party of friends. The King of Naples, however, thinking his brother ought to be more sedate, particularly as his princess is known to be grave and religious, has forwarded passports to many of the Prince's intimates.

In consequence of the breaking out of the cholera at several places, an order has been issued at Stockholm, under date the 5th of August, declaring the harbours of London, Hamburg, Altona, Lubeck, and Travemunde, as infected. All vessels coming from thence are to be subject to a quarantine of ten days, reckoning from the day of their leaving shore.

The director and printer of the first number of the *Proscrit*, the new journal edited by Mazzini, Ledru Rollin, and others, were tried before the Court of Assize of Paris on Friday, for having published a seditious address to the people, signed "Ledru Rollin," calculated to excite civil war. They were found guilty, and M. Nadal, the director of the journal, was sentenced to imprisonment for six months, and to pay a fine of 1000*fr.* M. Briere, the printer, was sentenced to imprisonment for fifteen days, and to pay a fine of 500*fr.* M. Ledru Rollin was sentenced, by default, to imprisonment for one year, and to pay a fine of 3000*fr.*

The *Constitutionnel* states, on the authority of a letter from Rome, of the 20th instant, that several persons have been arrested there for a supposed conspiracy to assassinate the Pope, on Assumption-day, by throwing crystal balls filled with explosive substances into his carriage when on his way to church to pronounce the benediction. The discovery of the plot prevented all danger. There was some agitation on the following Sunday, as it was supposed that there had been a plot against the Austrian ambassador, on the anniversary of the birth of the emperor. A strong armed force was placed near his palace to protect it, and in the evening some arrests were made.

The official journal at Naples publishes a law against the press, so severe in its character that it amounts to a total suppression of the liberty of public discussion in the newspapers.

An irruption of the Mella occurred on the 14th instant, in the province of Brescia. It has devastated the fields, destroyed houses, and caused much loss of life. The diligences for Milan, after having encountered great danger in the road from Bourg to St. Jean, near Brescia, were obliged to make a detour to arrive at their destination, which they only did after having been forty-eight hours on the road, owing to the vast extent of country flooded.

M. Goldstein, a Vienna banker, has just died, leaving to his only daughter a fortune of ten millions of francs.

Twenty-six bankers and leading merchants in Berlin have published a declaration that, until September last ensuing, they will not take foreign paper money in a proportion greater than of one-tenth the whole amount of a payment, and that after that date they will receive only Prussian silver.

M. Bernus, proprietor of the chateau and estate of Herthheim, near Tubingen in Wurtemberg, threw himself from the roof of his chateau last week, and, having fractured his skull, died on the spot. The unfortunate

gentleman was only 47 years of age, and possessed a large fortune. In 1826 he was to have married a young lady of Frankfurt, to whom he was devotedly attached, but on the wedding morning she was struck dead by lightning. This plunged him into profound melancholy; he retired to Herthheim, and ever afterwards led a solitary life, allowing no one to approach him except his domestics. By his will, he leaves his chateau and estate to a young man, whom he had rescued from poverty and made his steward.

A terrible accident took place on the 19th instant on the railway between Essench and Cassel. As the train was going rapidly round the curve near Wolfenhausen, the locomotive went off the rails, dragging the carriages after it. The tender and three diligences were overturned with a dreadful shock. Five persons were killed, and twenty-six badly wounded. Five of the carriages of the train remained on the rails.

The Lisbon Board of Health have declared the port of Marseilles to be infected with cholera, and all the other Mediterranean ports of France to be suspected of infection.

The Spanish clergy, in imitation of their Piedmontese brethren, evince symptoms of a desire to embarrass the Government by refusing religious rites to the possessors of church property.

The celebrated bandit Madero, who acquired an infamous notoriety in La Mancha during the civil war, and has since pursued his career of crime in that province and various districts of Ciudad Real, was slain on the 15th instant by one of the detachments charged with the duty of pursuing him. His body was publicly exposed at Ciudad Real on the following day.

The *Breslau Gazette* states, on the authority of a letter from St. Petersburg, that orders had been given that the army, instead of taking its winter quarters, should extend a distance of fifty miles along the Prussian frontier.

The admiral who commands the fleet in the Baltic has given notice to the Lieutenant-General that any vessels, bearing either the German flag or that of the Duchies, which shall venture into the open sea, shall be treated as pirates by the Russian vessels which shall encounter them.

The latest accounts from Havannah state that the remainder of the Contoy prisoners are yet in confinement, but seven of them were to be liberated on the 6th of August. The remaining three were to be sentenced to eight years in the chain gang. This is the *finale* of the piratical invasion of Cuba by Lopez.

The Brazilian Chamber of Deputies has passed a law declaring the slave trade to be piracy, and seems altogether to be in earnest to terminate the inhuman traffic.

The tide of emigration to California is as great as ever by sea, and greater than ever by land. It appears, however, that the sickness and mortality have been truly terrific. One correspondent, writing from Fort Saramie, says that he counted 645 newly-made graves on the trail to that place, and that many who were too ill to proceed were left by their companions to die.

The captain of a West Indian ship just arrived from Matanzas, states that he was unable to obtain labourers to assist in storing his cargo at a less rate than 4*s.* 2*d.* per day for each man. Of course there was no other way of procuring such labourers than by application to a slave-master, to whom he paid a dollar a day for each. All the English ships in the harbours had been taken up to convey produce to America.

The last accounts from the Mormon settlement, at the Great Salt Lake, represent them as very flourishing. The soil is astonishingly fertile, if their reports are to be relied on. The ordinary yield of wheat is said to be 75 bushels per acre, when sown broadcast; but 160 bushels have been obtained from one bushel of seed when drilled.

Accounts received from the Windward Islands state that upwards of forty vessels were driven ashore and wrecked during the hurricane of the 11th and 12th of July.

The Lords of the Treasury have, it is stated, indorsed the report and recommendations of the Sunday Postal Commission, and arrangements are in progress for giving them practical effect on Sunday (to-morrow), when the usual morning delivery of letters and newspapers throughout the country will be resumed.

At a conference held in the Foreign-office, yesterday week, of the plenipotentiaries of the great powers, on the Danish question, the Austrian Minister signified his adhesion to the protocol of the 2nd of August, with reservation of the rights of the German Confederation. At the same time the Danish Minister made a declaration that it was well understood that those federal rights extend only to the Duchy of Holstein and Lauenburg; and this declaration has been accepted by the representatives of France, Great Britain, Russia, and Sweden.

A public meeting of the subscribers to the Peel Monument Fund was held at the Town-hall, Manchester, on Wednesday. The mayor announced that the subscriptions amounted to upwards of £5000, of which £4221 had been paid into the bank. After considerable discussion, two resolutions were passed, the effect of which was to appoint a committee to carry out the erection of a colossal bronze statue to the memory of the late Sir Robert Peel in the area surrounding the Manchester Royal Infirmary, the character and ornamentation of the pedestal, and the drapery of the statue, being left to the committee and artists. An attempt made by a few gentlemen to insert a proviso that the statue should be attired in the costume of the present day was negatived.

Among other visitors whom we may expect at the Great Exhibition next year will be a German chorus, made up of many *Liedertafel* societies, rivaling in number the never-to-be-forgotten Cologne gatherings (an

assemblage of more than 3000 voices), the intention of which is to give performances in London.

The foundation stone of the Holloway Ragged Schools was laid by Henry Pownall, Esq., chairman of the Middlesex magistrates, on Wednesday. The interesting ceremony was attended by a large number of visitors.

The Sikkim-Himalaya Rhododendrons, the seeds of which were introduced through Dr. Joseph D. Hooker, have been successfully propagated in the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew; and we understand Prince Albert has had a stock of seedling plants of them forwarded to the royal gardens at Osborne, in the Isle of Wight, where, under the genial climate of that island, there can be little doubt of their succeeding to the fullest extent.

The clearing clerk of an eminent banking-house absented himself from business in Lombard-street on Saturday morning, when, on examination, his previous day's clearing was found to be £5000 deficient.

A portion of the new building in course of erection at the corner of New Oxford-street, Tottenham-court-road, fell with a tremendous crash on Wednesday. Several persons who happened to be passing were seriously injured.

A party of labouring men and their wives, all more or less intoxicated, were returning from Battersea on Sunday evening. When off the Houses of Parliament, a Mrs. Shadbrook, residing in Queen's Park passage, Charles-street, Drury-lane, who had conceived that an improper intimacy had taken place between a female of the party and her husband, in a frenzy of jealousy suddenly threw herself overboard. Mr. Shadbrook, though unable to swim, leaped in to save his wife; the unfortunate woman, however, who was very drunk, was not seen to rise again, and her husband was with difficulty dragged into the boat. The body was not recovered.

A respectably dressed married female, twenty-seven years of age, the mother of four children, while standing on the pier at Blackfriars-bridge on Sunday evening, was observed by several persons to be looking very intently over the rail of the dummy on the side near the shore, when seeing an opportunity she suddenly rolled herself off the pier into the river. Upon an alarm being raised, she was immediately rescued by a pierman, who succeeded in saving the life of the unfortunate woman, and conveying her on shore.

The shopman of Messrs. Norche, marble dealers, King William-street, Charing-cross, a young man about twenty-two years of age, agreed, for a trifling wage, to drink a pint of brandy, and then walk to London-bridge. He accomplished the wager, on Monday evening, and was then conveyed home, where he remained in a state of stupor till Tuesday morning, at five o'clock, when he expired.

A young man, named John Simpson, was brought up at Lambeth Police-office, on Monday, charged with having feloniously intermarried with Jane Robinson, his first wife, Susan Beay, being then alive. He was married to his first wife on the 13th of June, 1847, and they lived together for about a year. In July last he married his second wife, and soon after went off to Scotland with her, where he was apprehended. The first wife, who was in very bad health, has been living in Shore-ditch Workhouse lately. The prisoner, who made no attempt to defend himself, was committed for trial.

Thomas Livermore, a downcast-looking fellow, described as "a drunken profligate, in the habit of beating his wife," was brought up at Clerkenwell Police-office, on Monday, charged with a brutal assault upon his wife on Saturday evening. He had returned home drunk, and as usual began to strike his wife, who was working hard. He knocked her down several times and kicked her, she being in the family way, and, but for the interference of neighbours, would have murdered her. The prisoner could not deny the charge. Mr. Combe asked the poor woman what she wished to have done to her husband. She said she wished to have him punished. She could live much better without than with him. She could keep herself and her children by her own work; as for her husband he had lived entirely on her earnings. The prisoner was fined 40*s.*, or a month's imprisonment in the House of Correction. Mr. Combe warned the woman not to raise the money to pay the fine. She said she would not do so as she was in danger of her life from him. The prisoner was then committed to prison.

The execution of Patrick Forbes for the murder of his wife, took place at Newcastle on Saturday. On reaching the gallows, the hangman was about to take off the culprit's shoes, when the wretched man exclaimed, very emphatically, "You shall have nothing belonging to me." He was supported up to the scaffold, and he was evidently unable to stand without assistance. His hands were clasped—his lips were moving in prayer. Mr. Betham read the formularies of the Romish Church, concluding by the benediction, and signing the cross over the culprit. His feet were then shackled, his handkerchief taken off, and he was lifted upon the drop. The hangman then adjusted the rope, Forbes apparently praying all the time. Upon the signal being given, the bolt was withdrawn, and a thrill of horror and a suppressed scream ran through the crowd; but, unfortunately, from some cause or other, Forbes fell partly upon, and partly under the scaffold. At this, the crowd, who had not been entirely quiet during the whole of the awful ceremony, uttered a furious and almost unanimous yell of execration. He was then again let down with a jerk, and hastily drawn up, and after a minute, the body of the unfortunate man was lifeless.

A barbarous murder was committed last week in Clare the victim being the wife of a labouring man of the most wretched class. During her husband's absence in search of work she was brutally murdered with a hatchet by a man named Quinbrian, whom she recovered sufficient strength to identify in the presence of several persons before expiring.

The *Stamford Mercury* states that when a Mrs. Wainer, of Melton Mowbray, who, it appears, has not

led a very godly life, was on her death-bed, a few days since, she desired that some one should pray with her. The curate was sent for, but he commenced a fierce tirade against her respecting her past life, and positively refused to pray with the dying sinner. We presume it was because she was a sinner that he would not pray with her! Some pious neighbours gave the consolation which the clergyman refused. The woman died, and the clergymen of the place again took upon themselves to judge her, for one shut the gates of the churchyard entirely against her; the other refused the corpse entrance into the church, though he read the service over her.

A letter from Saragossa relates a ghost story devised for monkish purposes:—In the neighbouring town of Alagon, a detachment of gendarmes, consisting of a corporal and three privates, quartered in a deserted convent there, were aroused from slumber on the 27th ultimo, by loud blows upon the door, which were repeated every night with impunity, notwithstanding the efforts of the men to discover their source, until one of them, on being roused up, called out to the unknown, "If you come from God, tell me who are you, and from whence you come?" Whereupon a hollow, melancholy voice replied, "I am the soul of Matea Perez, who has been suffering thirteen years for want of a mass." The gendarme asked the intrusive spirit if it had any relations, and was answered in the same lugubrious accents that it had a brother living, and that any one who pleased might offer up the required mass. Other questions were put, but no answer could be obtained. The next day the gendarme went to the curate, and, on finding the deceased of Matea Perez duly entered in the parish register, gave him ten reals to perform a mass for her soul, which was attended by an immense concourse. The corporal of the detachment reported the circumstance to his commander, and an officer was despatched to Alagon to make enquiries. The gendarmes have since been relieved, and it is generally supposed that a trick was played upon them by some one well acquainted with the interior of the convent.

The new vendors of Manchester and Salford have formed an association to watch over the interests of the trade.

A few days ago a clerk in one of the public offices in Madrid exclaimed in a *café* that his dismissal by the Government would cost five thousand lives. On being reproved for what appeared to be an unfeeling *fanfaronade*, he replied that he only intended to express his intention of turning doctor.

A gentleman who conveyed one bottle of whisky the other day from Cork to Bristol, as a passenger in the steam packet, had to pay a penalty of £10 for the smuggle, or in default to enjoy three months' recreation on the treadmill.

La Patrie tells a story of a dispute between an English traveller and a douanier respecting the admissibility of M. Soyer's magic stove. The douanier contended that it was hardware prohibited by law. The Englishman assured him it was his kitchen, and seeing the custom-house officers looking rather incredulous, he quietly fixed the stove—lighted a brass lamp—produced from a kind of book one or two raw coteletries ready egged and breaded, threw them into a microscopic frypan, and served them up in about a minute, to the great astonishment of the spectators. The douanier was not proof against this demonstration, and the stove was allowed to pass.

Two tragical events in Naples have lately given rise to much gossip. A very lovely girl of seventeen threw herself from one of the windows of the principal hotel at La Casa, where she had been sent for change of air. Her parents, in consequence of an attachment she had formed for a youth not approved by them, had forced her to enter a nunnery and to take the veil. Soon afterwards her father died, and, knowing that her mother would not have opposed her wishes, in despair at having yielded, and thus deprived herself of the power of marrying her lover, she determined upon the fatal deed. Fortunately, there are now some hopes of her recovery, and her friends are trying to obtain a dispensation of her vows, under the plea that she was not of age to take them. The other case is that of a German gentleman who was found dead in the sea, a few yards above Amalfi. He had been staying at the Hotel des Capucines, and was found drowned, without his coat, early in the morning. It is strongly suspected that he was murdered by some persons connected with the hotel. Several persons have been arrested and the house shut up.

A vessel belonging to the Clyde was wrecked on the island of Coll, on Monday week. The moment she struck, her masts all went overboard with the shock, and the vessel almost instantly went down. Eight seamen were observed to lower and get into a boat, but they were instantly swamped, and not a soul of those on board were saved.

Two respectable farmers, from the parish of Manafon, Montgomeryshire, of the names of Goodwin and Newell, while bathing at Towyn, on Monday evening, went too far into the sea, and not being able to swim, lost their footing and were drowned. The sea was quite calm at the time and it was low water. Several other persons were bathing at the same time, and it being so fine and the sea so smooth, no one for a moment thought the unfortunate men were in danger until too late.

Mr. John O'Connell's receipts at Conciliation-hall, on Monday, amounted to six guineas and a few pence over, being a diminution of about twenty-five per cent. on the return of the previous week.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland will leave Dublin on the 9th of next month, on his visit to the north, and will, in the first instance, proceed to Crom Castle, the seat of the Earl of Erne, and thence will go on to visit the Giant's Causeway and other interesting localities in that neighbourhood, en route to Ganon Tower, the marine residence of the Marquis of Londonderry. He is expected to arrive at Belfast about the 12th of the month.

Various accounts from accurate sources give a decidedly favourable report of the potato crop throughout Ireland. Kerry and one or two other counties are exceptions to a considerable extent. It is the opinion of many experienced farmers that the blight has ceased, at least for the present.

Nothing is yet known regarding the proceedings of the Catholic synod at Thurles. It was expected that if they came to any decision on questions of much general interest before Thursday, the result would be intimated to the public on that day.

The *Clare Journal* states that the system of outdoor relief is now totally discontinued in all the unions throughout that county.

Thomas Dunne and Thomas Delany, rather comfortable farmers' sons, were paying their addresses to a fascinating young woman of the name of Miss —, who, besides her other accomplishments, possessed, it is said, a hundred substantial charms. It is said she paid more attention to Dunne's amorous protestations than she did to Delany's, who, at perceiving this, became annoyed, and jealousy of course, and with it revenge, grew in his bosom. On the night of the 13th instant, as Dunne was returning to his home at Timoney, he was attacked by Delany, when a warm conflict took place, in which Thomas Dunne was so severely beaten that his life was endangered, and but little hopes are entertained of his recovery.

The Lord Mayor of Dublin presided at a meeting of the depositors of the Cuffe-street Savings Bank on Saturday, when it was resolved that such parties as had speculated on the wants of the poor depositors, by purchasing their bank books at a low rate, should only be paid in proportion to the sums which they had thus given. The Lord Mayor said he knew an instance where a pass-book representing £50 was purchased for £2. Now, he would give notice to the purchaser of the pass-book that all he should receive from the fund would be £1, with legal interest thereon, to be computed from the time of the purchase. The balance would be given to the original depositor, if alive, or to his heirs, in the event of his having ceased to exist.

The *Nenagh Guardian* states that the sub-sheriff proceeded with a party of police on the 15th instant, to the lands of Clonulty, in Tipperary, and evicted forty persons for non-payment of rent.

We are glad to hear that the Educational Conference to be held in October next, is exciting interest in the minds of many zealous friends of education in various parts of the country: and that expressions of sympathy with the objects of the Lancashire School Association have been, and are being received by the committee, which are alike encouraging from their sources, number, and character. At an influential meeting held in Leeds during the present week, delegates were appointed to attend the conference, and resolutions were adopted:—"That they be instructed to advise that the Lancashire Association merge into a national association for the establishment of a system of secular education;" and, "That in the event of a national association being formed, this meeting pledges itself to form a branch committee, to co-operate in carrying out the objects of the association." Liverpool, Birmingham, Sheffield, and numerous smaller towns, have already expressed their intention of sending representatives; and several gentlemen, well and favourably known to the public, have expressed their desire and their intention, to be present if possible, if only in their individual capacity. The general committee of the Lancashire Public School Association are to meet, we hear, on an early day, for deliberation and arrangement in view of the prospective important extension of their sphere of operation.

POST OFFICE NOTICE.

GENERAL POST-OFFICE, August, 1850.—The instructions, No. 21, 1850, which have been in force since the 23rd of June last, relative to the Sunday postal arrangements, are now cancelled; and the regulations laid down in the previous instructions, No. 1, 1850, a copy of which is annexed, are to be reverted to on and from the 1st day of September next, and must be carefully observed in every particular until further orders, all modifications on points of detail being reserved for subsequent consideration.—"Copy of Instructions, No. 1, January, 1850:—On and after Sunday, the 13th instant, all post-offices in England and Wales will be closed to the public on Sunday from ten a.m. for the remainder of the day, except in those cases where the delivery commences from nine and ten a.m., when the office must continue open for one hour after the letter-carriers are despatched; and except also, in those cases where the delivery commences later than ten a.m., when the office, having been closed at ten a.m., must be reopened for one hour after the despatch of the letter-carriers. On and after the same date, no inland letters will be received on the Sunday except such as are prepaid by stamps or are unpaid, for the deposit of which the letter-box will be open, as usual, throughout the day. Until the closing of the office at ten a.m., or during the subsequent hour after the despatch of the letter-carriers, foreign letters may be prepaid, postage stamps may be obtained, and letters may be registered on payment of the usual registration fee; strangers, renters of private boxes, and those who reside beyond the limits of the letter-carriers' deliveries, may also, while the office is open, obtain their letters at the office window. Except at the times above-mentioned, no letters or newspapers can be delivered from the office on the Sunday.

Associative Progress.

THE POLITICAL AND SOCIAL CONFERENCE.

Signs of unity among the people are specially gratifying. The power of unity indicates the discipline of a party, just as capacity for association is a mark of civilization. The Democratic and Social Conference reported in this paper last week, is an instructive instance of practical fraternity new among the English. As each publicist has his department, and ought to find coadjutors numerous enough to carry his objects without calling assistance from other fields of agitation, the necessity for union is perhaps not a hopeful sign; but the desire for union indicates self-control and the right capacity for action. That the "representative men" at this Conference happen to be those most closely connected with the people, strengthens the hopeful inference to be drawn from such an assembly. If they represent no wealthy or recognized social influence, so much the more striking is the public improvement which their delegation implies—because they are exponents of those classes who have hitherto manifested the least ability for unity—that fundamental lesson of power, which the crafts have learned so well, and the oppressor has practised so long. The sub-committee appointed to draw up the programme of unity agreed unanimously at their first sitting that there should be a full amalgamation of the different parties represented. The Social will soon also, with us of England, be allied to Political agitation. It matters little that this alliance may prove but an effort—the effort is a fact of no mean significance. It matters little that the attempt may end in present futility. If the root slips to-day it will be planted again to-morrow, and again and again, till that step is taken which will never be retraced.

ION.

THE WORKMEN'S ASSOCIATIONS OF PARIS.

Having just returned from a visit to Paris, undertaken with the view of ascertaining the actual state and past experience of the workmen's associations of that capital, where I had introductions which enabled me to become acquainted with the inner life and every-day proceedings of those institutions, and to obtain documents of the highest authority respecting them, I trust that the following brief account of their past sufferings and future prospects will prove of service to the cause of Association, by affording useful information to those Associations already commenced, and by encouraging the working-men of England to attempt the only certain and efficacious mode of emancipating themselves from their present dependent and precarious state of existence; as they will see by the following details that men generally considered inferior to them in manual skill and labour have been enabled, under difficulties far greater than are to be met with in this country, to raise themselves from the dependent condition of servants and journeymen to that of proprietors of large and flourishing establishments; that their success has been owing entirely to their energy, patience, and unconquerable faith in the Association principle; that in many instances, relying solely upon their own resources, with no other aid than that of the pawnbroker, they have burst asunder the chains that bound them to the Ixion wheel of toil, and built upon the rock of Association a house and refuge for themselves.

Before entering upon a task which is full of the most pleasing reminiscences, every step of which will bring to my memory some instance of kindness or attention experienced during my visit, I cannot refrain from taking this opportunity of publicly acknowledging how much I am indebted to the exertions of my friend *Berard*, the *Gerant* of the Tailors' Association, who spared no trouble to introduce me wherever it might promote the object of my enquiries; to citizen *Nadaud*, representative of the people, who obtained me invaluable documents and other useful information; to citizen *Gilard*, also representative of the people, whose little work on the *Associations Ouvrières* has been of considerable service to me, and to many others whom space alone prevents my mentioning. The two latter are men of whom the working class may well be proud; the one making himself respected in the Assembly by his deep sonorous voice, rough manly eloquence, and shrewd sense, the other winning the esteem and affection of his friends by his gentle, unassuming manners, his clear perception and love of truth, and the poetical fervour that pervades his writings and conversation. Both have lived by the hard labour of their hands, both have raised themselves to an honourable position by their own sterling worth, and have known how to maintain that position by a calm, dignified bearing under the aggravating insolences of the exquisites of the Right.

Before speaking of those associations which are engaged in what may be termed the useful and necessary arts of life, I shall give a short account of those which furnish its luxuries and embellishments; for if it can be shown that associations of trades depending on the middle and upper classes have succeeded, it may be easily conceived what can be done

by such as deal in the absolute necessities of life, and are supported by the mass of their fellow-workmen.

J. E. S.

(To be continued.)

THE PROGRESS OF LIFE ASSURANCE.

Association has various phases. Here it presents itself in the form of a railway company; there, as a burial club; anon, it makes its appearance as a Redemption Society; and at the next turn comes upon us in the form of a Colonization Company. Whatever a man desires to do, and finds himself incapable of doing individually, he sets about doing by means of a company. This almost universal tendency to association seems to point emphatically, and we may add prophetically to the social state that must gradually supersede the present. Among the "signs of the times" is the extension of Life Assurance Societies, and the application of their principles to the means of those who have hitherto been prevented by poverty from sharing the advantages of societies based on scientific and, therefore, unmistakable bases.

In the year 1820 there were only twenty of these societies in the United Kingdom, and in ten years from that time they were just double that number. In ten years more they numbered eighty, and during the five years succeeding 1840 no less than forty new offices were opened. One of the latest offices that have been recently started is "The Industrial and General Life Assurance and Deposit Company," which proposes to afford the same proportionate advantages to persons who can only assure for five pounds that can be obtained in other offices by those who can assure for five thousand.

The payments to this company may be as low as one shilling per quarter, and upwards to any amount, and the respectability of the directors is a sufficient guarantee that the engagements entered into will be strictly fulfilled. One feature in the plans of this company, is the provision of a sum of money in case of death. By this arrangement a parent may, by a quarterly, half-yearly, or annual payment, secure a sum of money (£5 or upwards) to a child on its attaining a given age, say fourteen, twenty-one, or twenty-five, and in case the payments are discontinued the whole is returned, so there can be no possibility of loss to the person paying the money. Such societies are calculated to foster provident habits amongst the working classes and teach them the value of association. That lesson once learned the transition to the more advanced modes of combining their energies for their common good, will be natural and easy.

H.

REDEMPTION SOCIETY.

Moneys received for the week:—

Leeds	£0 13 3
Hyde, per Mr. Bradley	0 0 6
Communal Building Fund:—	
Macclesfield, Mr. Samuel Morton	£0 1 0
" Mr. William Eton	0 1 0
Leeds, Mr. James Longbottom	0 10 0
" John Brown	0 2 0

The president of the society has been on a visit to the Community, and he finds the great desideratum to be, labourers. Those fields which have undergone any amount of improvement have large crops, while those still unimproved are poor. The crops of turnips and mangel-wurzel are very good, but they would have been still better had there been a greater amount of labour bestowed on them. Our members show an admirable spirit of devotion to the cause, but they naturally wish for more help on two grounds: first as it will make them more independent of the Welsh peasantry, who have many prejudices, and secondly, as it will bring them more society.

We beg to direct the attention of the members and friends of the Redemption Society, to the Rescript in the advertising columns of this day's *Leader*. The time has come when it is deemed prudent to locate more members on the Welsh farm. Those parties who may become candidates ought to look upon the step with much gravity. They must not suppose that they are going into a community where every comfort and luxury is provided; on the contrary, they must expect much inconvenience, hard labour, and a due amount of subordination to law and authority. They must also expect to come in contact with men of different habits and characters to themselves, and unless they are prepared to make some sacrifice of their own feelings, habits, and it may be passions, or prejudices, they had better not go.

It will not do for the believers in Communism to say that "Such and such a one is too overbearing," or "So and so is too self-willed and refractory." We must neither have the tone of a master, nor the surly grumblings of discontent, because as sure as these things occur, expulsion must take place. As those who go and succeed must merit the applause and gratitude of the people of this country so must they expect great difficulties. That which merits greatly is ever arduous.

The financial account has been kept in abeyance these past two weeks from causes over which we have had no controul.

LIFE IN THE ICARIAN COMMUNITY.

Icarian Committee-rooms,
No. 13, Newman-street, Oxford-street.

The *Populaire* of the present month contains a reply from the general secretary of the Icarian Community to an assertion of the French press that the Icarians had passed into the condition of negroes, under the lash of M. Cabet, transformed into a ferocious planter. After glancing ironically at the present free condition of the mass of workmen in France, he proceeds:—

Although we have laughed heartily at these articles upon our famine, &c., read in our general meeting, after a comfortable supper, we still confess that we are neither very free nor very rich; for, in spite of our most ardent desire, we cannot receive without *apport*,* as we have done last winter, the satiated of liberty and abundance who are flying from the French Republic.

These are the arrangements for the summer days as at present regulated:—As the work is more urgent than in winter, each one is expected to be in the workshops at five o'clock, breakfasting at eight, and returning to work at nine, cessation from work at twelve, and liberty till three. When the heat renders it necessary, we leave work at eleven, dinner at one, leaving the workshops and taking supper at seven. On Sundays, besides the lectures as in winter, we have bowls, nine pins, and other games in the open air, and excursion parties.

Sunday last was a true holiday, not only for us but also for the Americans, male and female, who are generally attracted by our games in considerable numbers; although phlegmatic, and by no means accustomed to amuse themselves in this way, they appear to take much pleasure in seeing us, and we seem likely to effect a jovial revolution in the country. The party of Sunday last was well capable of producing this effect. We set out with our band of music at our head, a swarm of men and women, gay and active, cleanly and elegantly dressed, the children all genteelly clothed, especially our little girls in their new uniform, as simple as it is graceful, set off by their happy faces, resplendent with joy and health. This immense family, now united to share the same pleasures as they had shared the same work, presented a sight pleasing to the eye, and capable of exciting the most lively interest. We went into a neighbouring wood, and there, during five hours, music, dancing, singing, play, and repose succeeded each other amid the most expansive gaiety. Then we returned, forgetting our fatigue, at the sound of the military march and other pieces of music, played by our instrumentalists, or sung in chorus by our choristers, men, women, and children, who truly have made very rapid progress under our brother Camus. This party, besides, had a peculiar attraction, for, although it was Sunday, the justice of the peace, M. Schwartz, had consented to attend to celebrate three marriages of our brothers and sisters. This ceremony was celebrated with solemnity, according to the usual form, in the presence of all the colony and of twenty American ladies and gentlemen, who were desirous of being present at the ceremony. From these circumstances you may judge that neither our misery nor our slavery is of a very frightful character.

To our women belong the household duties, occupied according to their sex and their strength; they are the objects of our particular care, especially when they are enceinte or nursing, situations which exempt them from the necessity of any other occupation. Our children are trained and educated in schools where study is a pleasure and pleasure a study. In our sickness we find fraternal care and appropriate remedies in an infirmary comfortably arranged, and a dispensary well supplied; and, lastly, thanks to our Communitarian Association and to the solidarity which is its consequent, we live exempt from all care, assured of the satisfaction of all our wants, physical, moral, and intellectual, as well in health as in sickness, as well in our youth and our strength as in our age and our infirmities.

Such is our situation, the work of our *late Dictator*, now President, and *always* our devoted and venerated father.

To conclude, like true Icarians, we will cherish neither anger nor hatred; we wish the advantages of our position, not only for our friends and our brothers, but also for our unhappily blind enemies, who seek to injure us, without thinking that soon, perhaps, swept away by the stormy wind of revolution, they will be glad to find in our Icaria peace, abundance, true liberty, and a fraternal reception.

T. C.

A STRIKE AT HYDE.

It is with feelings of unpleasantness that I now inform you of a struggle which is taking place here between the weavers and their master at the mill at which I work usually. The weavers left work on July 12, and there are no prospects at present of a speedy settlement of their complaints. The weavers feel themselves reduced by an alteration in the length of cloth, which has lately been made in their work. The increase of length in cloth added is more than

the extra wages received by the weavers since the alteration took place, which is virtually a reduction to them. The strike has happened this week. A short time ago one portion of the weavers had 3d. per cut, that is, 37½ yards market length. This length was increased to 41 yards, and the price paid for it was 1s. 3½d. The master argued thus: although 37½ yards is the market length they generally fold up 39 yards per cut, so that 41 yards is only two yards longer than they were before the alteration was made. Therefore I pay for the two yards extra length, two yards added to these cuts is short of a penny, but rather more than three farthings, and I shall pay three farthings for the two yards. Such is a truthful statement of the master's case in this struggle. One master in the neighbourhood gives for the same fabric to the weaver 1s. 5d. per cut, 41 yards in length, and 40 inches in width. This statement the weavers have printed, and now require 1s. 5d. per cut before they will resume work.

To prove how a weaver knows when a reduction is made in wages by an alteration (although he cannot follow the reasoning process of the master), he feels it in the less receipt for the same time and exertion used; and no reasoning will make him believe that he is not reduced in wages. Further, a weaver of two looms—cuts 37½ yards, or 39 yards long—can weave sixteen cuts per fortnight, at 1s. 3d. per cut, which will equal 20s. The same weaver has two looms to mind or tent, cuts 41 yards long, can weave fourteen cuts per fortnight, at 1s. 3½d. per cut, will equal 18s. 4½d. Now, the difference in wages is 1s. 7½d. less for the same time and exertion used on the last-mentioned length, viz., 41 yards of cloth per cut.

It is this the weaver feels, and no reasoning will make him believe that 18s. 4½d. is equal to 20s. Such is a fair statement of the weaver's case in this struggle now going on here, and likely to continue much longer yet.

There are many operatives who object to strikes on the ground that they do no good; but how shall they be prevented, and the wages of the operative protected at the same time in present society? We are as much interested as any one can be that strikes shall discontinue, therefore we ask what working plan or plans can be enforced that shall supersede strikes and prevent the wages of the operative from being reduced?

If the weavers for any single master can obtain 10s. per week each, and are so far satisfied as not to complain about their lot; but should this master make such alteration in their work that will only enable them to obtain 9s. per week each for the same exertion used, what are the weavers to do in their altered condition, should they not strike work to gain their former position, viz., 10s. per week each?

AN OPERATIVE OF HYDE.

MR. WALTER COOPER'S LECTURES IN MANCHESTER.

On Sunday morning Mr. Cooper lectured at the People's Institute, and on Monday evening at the Old Meal House. On Monday evening, after electing the manager of the Manchester Working Tailors' Association chairman of the proceedings, the audience, which was a very good one, received Mr. Cooper with great enthusiasm. Mr. Cooper drew an eloquent picture of the misery and poverty amongst the working classes in London, as shown in Mr. Mayhew's letters on Labour and the Poor, which appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*. He then referred to the means which had been used to produce a better state of things by propagating instruction on social remedies and the establishment of Working Men's Associations, the success of which had in the majority of instances been far beyond the most sanguine expectations. He also referred at length to the evidence given before the Committee of the House of Commons, and again enforced the desirability of having protection granted them, protection from cunning and designing men who might aim at their overthrow. In conclusion the lecturer urged his audience to support the Working Tailors' Association and Co-operative Store established in their own district, and recommended other trades to organize themselves as soon as practicable. After the lecture several questions were asked of the lecturer and answered by him. And Mr. George Mantle, the Chartist, in a warm and eloquent address urged on the audience the desirability of forming such associations, declaring himself an ardent friend to the cause of Organization of Labour, as propounded by the promoters of Christian Socialism, and his full determination to make an effort amongst his own trade (the Operative Cabinet Makers) to form an association in Manchester. During his remarks, which were often of a humorous character, the audience testified their appreciation of his good wishes, and earnest recommendations for them to work out their own salvation.

M. C. C.

MANUFACTURES IN SPAIN.—Mr. Gilloe, formerly of Harmony-hall, has just accepted an engagement of twelve months to go to Spain to teach fosterian cutting there.

* Entrance money

POSTSCRIPT.

SATURDAY, August 31.

The papers of this morning contain full reports of the arrival of the Queen at Edinburgh on Thursday evening. The enthusiasm of the population of "Auld Reekie" at the sight of their Sovereign appears to have been far beyond anything we ever see in England. The *Daily News* gives the following graphic account of the brilliant affair:—

The royal party arrived at Edinburgh at the Meadowbank station, at five minutes past five o'clock, having traversed the whole distance from Castle Howard in something less than seven hours, including stoppages. The preparations made for her Majesty's reception here were elegant and tasteful, but as the royal visit was understood to be of a private character they were not upon a very extensive scale. The landing platform was covered with crimson cloth, as were the steps leading up from the railway to the road, the latter having an additional covering of the Stewart tartan for her Majesty to walk upon. The walls were hung with pink and white drapery and decorated with bunches of heather. The gateway whence the Queen emerged to the royal carriage was spanned by a graceful arch, decorated with bay leaves and flowers. It was surmounted by a floral crown, with an anchor suspended, and displayed on each side the initials "V. A." in flowers. Opposite the station, on the outside, a gallery was erected, and similarly adorned, for the accommodation of the judges and other high dignitaries, and their ladies. There was a guard of honour in attendance at the station, consisting of one captain, two subalterns, and fifty men of the Ninety-third Highlanders. The cavalry escort consisted of one officer and twenty men of the Thirteenth Light Dragoons.

"The station at Meadowbank had no doubt been selected as the point of debarcation from the rail on account of its proximity to Holyrood, from which it is scarcely more than a quarter of a mile distant; but had the object been only to allow the good folk of Edinburgh to witness the opportunity of seeing her Majesty and welcoming her, it could not have been more happily chosen. It is situated at the base of that magnificent range of hills known as Arthur's Seat, by which the city on its eastern side is overshadowed, and whose verdant sides form a natural amphitheatre, extending along the park the whole way the procession would have to go. Covering the slopes and crags of those hills thousands of spectators were waiting, their gay dresses—for many of them were ladies, and the tartan was exhibited extensively—contrasting pleasingly with the sombre green of the mountain. As her Majesty and family emerged from the station and entered the carriage in waiting to convey them to the palace of the Scottish Kings, a shout arose from this mass of human beings which must have astonished as much as it gratified the Sovereign. The enthusiasm of the people apparently knew no bounds. Gentry and commons, stalwart men, gentle ladies, and children not a few, rushed, as the carriages proceeded, down the road, cheering at the top of their voices, and waving hats and bonnets, surrounding the royal party, and following on with them, rendering it a matter of no small difficulty to preserve the line of procession. Her Majesty appeared heartily to enjoy the scene, and as the carriage moved slowly along she continued bowing to the crowd, and answering by her smiles these exuberant demonstrations of loyal affection on the part of her Scottish subjects. At this time the scene presented was one of the finest and most striking that can be imagined. The royal carriages, with the scarlet and gold liveries of their attendants; the gentlemen of the Royal Archer Guard in their picturesque green uniforms; the Ninety-third Highlanders in full Highland costume, their bayonets glittering in the sun; the cavalry and the mounted staff with their brilliant appointments—the whole flanked on either hand by a moving wall of people—extending on the one side across the park and on the other far up the hills, presented a *coup d'œil* at once grand and imposing. It was impossible not to be caught by the enthusiasm which everywhere prevailed."

In the evening the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, the Duke of Roxburghe, the Earl of Morton, the Honourable C. Murray, General Riddell, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and the Sheriff of the county dined with her Majesty. On Friday morning the Queen left Holyrood Palace, privately, at nine o'clock, and ascended to the summit of Arthur's Seat. The ceremony of laying the first stone of the National Gallery took place in the forenoon, and passed off with great *éclat*. In the afternoon her Majesty drove through the city, and visited several public institutions. This morning the Royal Family were to leave for Balmoral. The *Post* states that the Queen will reside at Holyrood for ten days on her return to the south.

Orders have been issued for the Court's going into mourning on Sunday (to-morrow) for his late Majesty King Louis Philippe; and on Wednesday, the 11th of September next, the Court to go out of mourning.

We are happy to learn that the operation Lord Lyndbrough found it necessary to undergo for the recovery of his sight has proved most successful.—*Morning Post*.

We announce with deep regret the decease of Mdlle. Olga de Lechner, in her 25th year. This amiable and accomplished young lady died at Ashburnham-house on the night of Tuesday, the 27th instant, of scarlet fever. Mdlle. Olga de Lechner was the daughter of the Baroness Brunnow, by a former marriage, and was born at Odessa. The first attack of the insidious and fatal malady, which took place on the Thursday previous to her death, was not of a nature to excite the alarm of

her family; and when, at the close of last week, the Baron Brunnow departed from this country on leave of absence, no apprehensions were entertained respecting the issue of what then appeared only a slight and passing indisposition. But early in the present week the disease assumed a virulent form, and the utmost exertions of medical skill were unavailing to arrest the rapidity of its progress. Notwithstanding the dangerously contagious character which marked its later stages, the last moments of the lamented sufferer were cheered by the presence and the unremitting and anxious attention of her afflicted mother, who could not be induced to leave for a single moment the death-bed of her beloved daughter.—*Morning Chronicle*.

The marriage of his Grace the Duke of Manchester with Miss Harriet Sydney Dobbs, daughter of Mr. Conway R. Dobbs, of Castle Dobbs, county of Antrim, was solemnized on Wednesday, in the parish church of Temple-corran. The event was celebrated by a *déjeuner* at Castle Dobbs, at which were present upwards of a hundred of the gentry of the neighbourhood. The noble bridegroom and his fair bride proceeded to Tandragee Castle, previous to their leaving Ireland (or his grace's seat, Kimbolton Castle, Huntingdonshire).—*Morning Post*.

Mr. Cowling, of Albemarle-street, has offered himself as a candidate, upon Conservative principles, for the representation of Cambridge University, the seat being vacant by the decease of Mr. Law.

Every night during the present week very serious conflicts have taken place between the soldiers of the Fifth Regiment in Portsmouth garrison, and the men of the Fox frigate. On Thursday evening the rioting had become so alarming that Mr. Jones, a magistrate, found it necessary to read the Riot Act, and to call in the aid of the military power.

The only subject of interest in the Paris journals is the opening of the session of several of the councils general, all of whom have passed resolutions recommending the revision of the constitution.

The President returned to Paris on Thursday evening, a little before nine o'clock. If one is to measure the truth of the official accounts of the President's reception in the provinces by the accuracy of the reports given from the same source of his welcome back to Paris, the inventive faculties have been rarely taxed to a greater extent than in the composition of telegraphic despatches and authorized bulletins. An immense crowd was gathered on the whole line of road between the terminus of the Strasbourg railway and the Elysée, from whom there burst a cry of "Vive la République, et rien que la République!" which overpowered the feeble efforts of isolated groups to make their Napoleonic cheers heard. On the whole, the well-dressed citizens abstained from all manifestation of political feeling, and were silent and indifferent spectators, while the clamorous victory was left to be disputed between the blouses of socialism and the fee'd bawlers of the Dix Décembre. The *République* gives the following account of the reception of the President:—

"The rumour of the arrival of M. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte at Paris attracted last evening an unaccustomed crowd of promenaders on the Boulevards, amongst whom at each step were officers de paix and sergens de ville. Compact groups occupied the entrance of the Rue Hauteville and the Faubourg Poissonnière, the cortège having to come from the Strasbourg Railway station. The Society of the Dix Décembre took its measures well; for, more than an hour before the arrival of the President, its members filled the Rue Chabrol, and uttered unconstitutional cries. Lost trouble, however! At halfpast eight, as soon as the first dragoons of the escort appeared, M. Carlier, prefect of police, on horseback, at their head, an immense cry of 'Vive la République!' was heard on the Boulevard, and went from distance to distance in formidable echoes. Some men who had climbed to the top of cabs cried 'Vive Napoleon!' but this cry was immediately covered by a democratic acclamation which lasted for more than a quarter of an hour. And let the journals of the Elysée not say that last evening the men who uttered enthusiastic shouts for the Republic were paid—the crowd was too numerous, the cries too unanimous. At the doors of the public establishments and the principal cafés, there was not an habitué who did not shout 'Vive la République!'"

According to the last accounts received from Buenos Ayres the treaty of peace between France and the Argentine Confederation, which had been negotiated by Admiral Le Prédour, was on the point of being signed. This treaty will restore peace to the countries bordering on the Rio de la Plata, and will put an end to the unfortunate state of things which has now for nearly five years interrupted the commercial intercourse between Europe and that part of South America.—*Post*.

General Haynau left Frankfort on the 25th instant for Brussels, on his way to England.

The Grand Duke Constantine arrived at Copenhagen on the 23rd instant. He expressly prohibited all public demonstrations. He landed privately, and took up his residence with the Russian Ambassador. Report says that he brought a whole boxful of Russian orders for the officers who distinguished themselves at the battle of Idstedt.

King Otho arrived from Greece at Trieste on the 24th instant. He was to continue his journey by way of Salzburg, and was expected to arrive at Munich on the 29th. He will proceed from the capital to Hohen Schwangau, and subsequently to Ayschaffenburg. His Majesty's stay is at present fixed for two months.

The Leader.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1850.

Public Affairs.

There is nothing so revolutionary, because there is nothing so unnatural and convulsive, as the strain to keep things fixed when all the world is by the very law of its creation in its eternal progress.—*Dr. Arnold*.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

MADAME DE GENLIS's greatest work is finished: with his own pen her pupil, Louis Philippe, has put the finis to his autobiography; ending his earthly career and his memoirs simultaneously. After his kind he has tasted thoroughly of life. The teacher made the most of her materials, and the versatile prince, who cut an equally respectable figure as pedagogue or potentate, thoroughly realized her idea of a judicious epicurean, converting whatever turned up to the best account. The life to which she imparted the spirit beats any episode in the *Tales of the Castle*.

Louis Philippe had had quite enough of adversity to make him—so sensible a man, and so economical of resources—thoroughly relish the luxury of his more fortunate days. He had had quite enough of royal splendour to be perchance somewhat palled with it, and, finally, sank down at Claremont into the position of a distinguished exile with as much propriety as he had shown in any other post. He had traversed America and had learned all about it; he had seen enough of military life in the field to put on the soldier whenever it was required for effect. He had been a member of the middle class, of the nobility, and of the royal class. He had sailed about on adventures, and lived respectably as an emigré in England. He knew something of every sphere, he had found some means of comfort in every condition. Also, it would seem, much that was hollow and unreal; for, upon the whole, he may be said to have treated life as if it were a stratagem which cunning cleverness might considerably improve. Opportunity had courted him, and he not only learned to make the most of it, but also to eke it out with some theatrical pretensions. When young he saves a man drowning in the water, and in his journal records a candid and triumphant vaunt of the advantage in popularity which a not difficult act of humanity had procured for him. He had seen life in so many phases that he supposed himself to understand it thoroughly; of course not being cognizant of those defects in his own character which prevented him from thoroughly apprehending any one circumstance. His mind was active, but commonplace: he could only view things and events in their common aspect; and could scarcely suppose that any man who had seen less could be wiser than he was. He supposed himself to have the advantage of every man; and, as his farthest insight into most things consisted in a perception of the falsehood or hypocrisy that lay beneath the surface, such insight into falsehood seemed to him the final wisdom. The corresponding spirit of his conduct was to adopt on all occasions a policy of cajolery. His success was corresponding—it was superficial. He had every opportunity of a revolutionary career, but went through it all only to settle down at last into the common run of Prince. A constitutional throne was offered to him; but he reverted after all to the old fashions set by his predecessors. He was tried in every relation of life, and did not prove to be of any certain or signal use to his country: he was a repeated failure.

The degree in which he mistook the true course of policy for a man in his position is shown by his attempt to make alliances for strengthening the royal connections of his family. He adopted that policy in spite of the important example for avoidance set by the greater Buonaparte. Napoleon thought to strengthen himself by an alliance with Austria; but when it was tried in adversity, at the very time when it should have availed, the alliance was found wanting in every particular. Louis Philippe sought royal alliances for his sons in every court of Europe, and even in Brazil: when the day of trouble came, he and all his progeny, with their wives and children, were turned out, unsupported by

their foreign connections. This foreign alliance, therefore, proves to be a broken reed even when employed by more legitimate members of royalty than Napoleon the Emperor.

Louis Philippe's repeated failures seem to have another pregnant meaning for the politician. Since the restoration, it is the second instance in which France has repudiated royalty. Louis XVIII. was felt to be a failure. On his accession the reactionary Charles X. was expected to evoke some angry feeling; but he did not obtain very serious attention until his attempt against the press: that attempt provoked the response which ended in his flight. Louis Philippe had not sense enough to avoid similar causes, and in his case they were attended with a similar effect. He fled in the disguise of an Englishman. It would appear that the royal classes of France are unable to invent a plan of reigning by a royalty which shall fit more with the state of public feeling in that country, and can only revive the old pattern: a pattern that France has distinctly declared she will not have. In the actual state of doubt among parties in France it would be well if they could bear this manifest conclusion in mind. Whatever may result from the confused state of parties, it is clear that France will not accept a restoration of monarchy as it was under Louis Philippe. Some other plan, therefore, must be devised, unless the next Government is to be like his, simply a lengthened Provisional Government. This, perhaps, is the greatest public service that Louis Philippe has rendered. He has shown that a remarkably clever and astute man of business has tried all the old methods of governing by force of penal law, by force of soldiers, of National Guard, and of the cleverest public servants that he could collect; and yet the final declaration of France is, that she will not have it.

The "Napoleon of Peace" has been likened to our own Minister Peel, for his common sense, his practical candour, and his objection to war. But there was one remarkable distinction between the two. Louis Philippe tried to establish himself by using old methods, crowned alliances and so forth, with a large infusion of public money; he dallied with titles, multiplying them for his progeny; he attempted to obtain state dotation. In short, his method was to unite himself, if possible, with the old idea of royalty in the country. A more impolitic selection could not have been made. With the striking improvements in the material sciences, and other processes going on before our eyes, changing all the methods of society, we have drifted far beyond that antiquated station of royalty. The greater the success, therefore, in any device of that kind, the more fatal the result. The more thoroughly royal Louis Philippe could make his family, the more was it bound to the institutions that are marked for destruction in our political progress. The conduct of our own Minister was the very opposite: we observe him declining to unite himself with the titled nobility; foreseeing the spread of opinion among the industrious classes; attaching his family as far as possible to that branch of the Government, the representative branch, in which the political power now centres; providing, in short, for the identification of his house with the power which is rising. Peel's paternal instincts took the prospective form: Louis Philippe's the retrospective form. Peel succeeded: Louis Philippe failed.

SELF-SUPPORTING FARM SCHOOLS.

In her excellent letter on the land question Miss Martineau says, "We may argue for ever about large farms and small holdings and be no better off, unless science and sense are brought to bear on the process of cultivation." All will admit the truth of this remark; the great question then is—How can we best educate and develop the agricultural faculties? There has been a great deal of talk lately regarding the education of the people, and many schemes have been devised for giving the children of the poor a due portion of book learning. But throughout all this discussion very little has been said about another kind of education—of much more importance to the great mass of the working class—that which will enable them to earn an honest livelihood by skilful labour. Town-bred people are apt to fancy that field-work requires little intelligence or education, that it consists mainly of what political economists call "unskilled labour." There never was a greater mistake. The cultivation of the soil, although chiefly left to the very unfit for the task, is an occupation

giving ample scope for the highest skill and intelligence. Among agricultural labourers the difference between one who has learned his business properly and one who has not learned it is so great as almost to ensure constant employment to the former, at wages from fifty to a hundred per cent. higher than the other can obtain.

And yet, notwithstanding this difference of wages, the great mass of the agricultural population are deplorably ignorant of the business by which they earn a living. Much of this ignorance is owing to the large farm system, with all its attendant evils. Into that branch of the question, however, we shall not enter at present, interesting as the enquiry would be. Our sole object now is to call attention to an educational experiment, suggestive of a method by which the industrial training of the poor might be promoted without imposing any additional burden upon the ratepayers.

In the neighbourhood of Perth, as we learn from the *Edinburgh Witness*, an Industrial School Farm has been lately established, which promises to create a great change in the management of able-bodied paupers and criminals. In this instance the boys employed upon the land, whose ages varied from eight to sixteen, were all in a very destitute condition. Several of them were orphans, and of those not so, the parents were drunkards. All of them are described as having been "graduating for the hulks." With such habits it was feared that they would not have much inclination for steady industry; but this has proved to be a mistake. After stating that a change of the most gratifying nature has taken place in the behaviour of the boys, our Scottish contemporary proceeds:—

"These moral results were accompanied by others of an equally gratifying description. At certain stated hours, when they have gone over their lessons, at which they are making good proficiency, they shoulder their spades and away to work. They are remarkably fond of working, and soon learn to use the spade and hoe to good purpose. Neither are they at all frightened at hard work, but willingly undertake any kind to which they are put. They have been employed, for example, in reclaiming a small piece of waste ground, which, owing to its steepness, had to be formed into terraces before it could be cultivated. This was all done by the boys, and was performed in a very satisfactory manner; and thus green kail (coleworts) and Swedish turnips now occupy the place of docks and nettles. On the whole, it may with truth be asserted that, so far as it has hitherto gone, the experiment of a boys' farm has been eminently successful; for it is now quite clear that the blackguard boys who infest our streets and swell our police and poor-rates may be made to raise food for themselves, and thus relieve the community of a heavy burden, while, at the same time, they themselves are being converted into honest and industrious members of the community."

Now, what is there to prevent the establishment of an Industrial Farm School in every parish in England? If men would only be in earnest in their efforts to renovate society the thing could very soon be accomplished. The great obstacle is the difficulty of persuading official men, and that army of subalterns who obtain a living by the present system of prison and pauper discipline, that the change would be an improvement for them. When Mr. Rowland Hill first broached the idea of a penny postage, the Post-office authorities were up in arms against it as utterly Utopian. This is always the way with officials. They never believe in any measure of reform. They naturally like to have as little trouble as possible, and all reforms are troublesome. They, therefore, denounce every change, whatever advantages it may propose, on the ground that, "it would not work well,"—which means that it would cost them a considerable effort to organize the new method.

Meanwhile, the subject is well worth the attention of all Social Reformers throughout the kingdom. They may not be able to establish Industrial Farm Schools in every parish, but they may at least have one in every county, and, were that accomplished and found to work well, the example would soon be extensively followed. The following letter is from a gentleman who has taken a leading part in the Perth experiment:—

"I need not inform you that there are many who doubt the possibility of cultivating the soil by means of boys or paupers; and I remember noticing that a member of the Edinburgh Parochial Board, when the subject was brought before them, scoffed at the idea of its being done. I wish that that worthy gentleman would pay a visit to our little establishment at Craigie, and see our juvenile labourers at work. I will not say that he would see anything very wonderful; but I think, if his mind was not blinded by prejudice, he would be compelled to allow that boys of ten, twelve, or fourteen years can dig, and hoe, and trench, and perform any piece of plain field work in a very creditable manner. For my own part, all doubts upon the subject are completely dispelled. Boys of the ages I have mentioned can be made to work to such good purpose, that, under efficient superintendence, they could,

I am convinced, raise a sufficiency of food to support themselves, and perhaps something more. Indeed, their liking and aptitude for out-door labour has, I confess, somewhat taken me by surprise; and it only requires to be taken advantage of to enable us to reduce the rates very considerably. Of course boys cannot be made to work in the same manner as men; but, by judicious management, they could be got to labour cheerfully at least six hours a day. I never made them to work for a much longer period than four hours; but this was because a great portion of their time was occupied with their education, and because I experienced difficulty at times in getting employment for them; but in spring time they will be made to work for a much longer period. Our little farm consists of four imperial acres; and I am convinced that it could be kept in excellent order by twenty stout boys, whose education could be carried on at the same time. We propose taking in fifty; but we will not have nearly sufficient employment for that number, unless we extend our limits."

THE RAILWAY STRIKE.

ALTHOUGH mercantile men chuckle over the impracticability of "strikes," the project of a general strike on the great railways has caused general consternation. The vast size of railways elevates their proprietors above the ordinary influences of trading competition: it seems likely also to elevate the working class into a position of unusual command. As the number of servants on the railways must be calculated pretty close to the actual want, and the proper service requires some practice, there can hardly be any considerable "surplus population" in railway employment: nor can any shift from other quarters supply an effective staff. A combination for a strike, carried out with good faith, might be contrived with far less sacrifice and more probability of success than one in any trade. The sheeting or broadcloth supplied by any particular mill, or even a district of mills, is not of any peremptory urgent necessity; the public can wait for that particular supply of piece goods. But the whole public cannot wait to go on its daily travels. A strike on the railways, therefore, could not only be practicable, but formidable; and for once it might force the public to look into the merits of a case on the side of the working men.

But the example of a successful strike, the illustration of its method and conduct, would be a startling innovation in the history of English commerce. The contagion might spread from the railway system to trades, and a new influence might thus be raised up against naked competition.

Such is one among the many results which the managers of railways are hazarding by harsh conduct towards their men. The men on the Eastern Counties have struck; those on another great railway are said to be ripe for mutiny; at Leeds support has been promised to a general movement. The fact is, that if railway managers understand their permanent interests they will not seek to introduce competition into their system, either to catch passengers or screw down workmen's wages. The public cannot afford to let railway servants be paid ill. If the men are not animated by the consciousness of liberal treatment they will not act in a spirit needed for the comfort, and even for the safety of the public. An engine-driver dozing over his engine would be a more dangerous workman than a weaver dozing over his looms; in railway business an "end out" is a train off the line, and no "abatements" would compensate for limbs broken or lives lost. A discontented driver may grow reckless, and to a vindictive feeling of that nature a serious accident might have its solace. We see a driver at one of the recent meetings confessing that he should not dislike a "good old collision!" Will the public like to be driven by men reduced to that mood under any system of screwing. Of all trades for a railway company that in dead passengers would be the most disastrously unprofitable: but sulky servants would be very apt to induce large dealings in that line.

THE LEAGUE BREAD COMPANY.

It is one of the most encouraging facts to those who are labouring for a peaceful and gradual change from the antagonistic to the associative system of society, that on all sides are to be discerned signs of that change being commenced among us. You cannot alter the social aspect with the stroke of a wand. If such were in your power, the transformation would be as untoward in its results as ungenial in its operation. Like the imperceptible yet ever-progressing change of a dissolving view, must be that of society if it is to be effected with present safety and the promise of stability; such a change is now going on amongst us, and the policy of reformers is to assist and avail themselves of

every movement that may urge it onward to completion.

One striking instance of the growing preference for the associative system is the application of its principle, in the shape of joint-stock companies, to many of those purposes to which it was formerly held, that individual or private enterprise alone was applicable. The conveyance by land and water of goods and passengers, the cultivation of peculiar kinds of produce for consumption and manufacture, the adaptation to the common purposes of life of newly-discovered vegetable substances, the reclaiming of waste lands and the promotion of fisheries, the construction of houses and the making of apparel, are all now carried on by joint-stock associations; and every day gives evidence of the tendency of such associations to become the means by which the whole business of life will in the end be transacted.

Among these associations is one which demands especially our notice and the public support. The *League Bread Company* has stood the test of above two years' experience, and has during that period proved, as it is proving now, that it is quite possible to supply good, sound, wholesome bread at a price that shall return a fair and equitable profit. Accustomed to the white and spongy substance daily set before them, the inhabitants of London are apt to forget that the qualities they admire are the result of the admixture of certain deleterious substances, which, repeated in minute doses, have in time a bad effect on the constitution. Convinced, at length, that the staff of life on which they have been depending is a broken one, they look around them for purer food; while such of them as have exchanged a country for a town residence long for the wholesome household loaf, which appeased the hunger and added to the health and enjoyment of their early days.

The *League Bread Company* supplies these wants and wishes. Its bread is composed of the purest materials. "Wheat flour of the best quality, the proper proportion of pure salt and fresh yeast, the product of a daily fermentation." Real nourishment may be derived from the use of such food as this; and when it is remembered that this bread is produced under industrial arrangements, by which the excessive toil of the class of journeyman bakers is obviated, an additional motive for support is given—philanthropy combining with regard to health to induce the encouragement of an association by which satisfaction may be duly given to both.

SOCIAL REFORM.

EPISTOLE OBSCURORUM VIRORUM.

NO. V.—GOVERNMENT: ITS PURPOSE, ITS LIGHTS OF TRUTH.

TO DAVID MASSON.

August 29, 1850.

MY DEAR MASSON,—I remember the gratification which I felt at hearing you seize upon a remark of mine as a political truth too often overlooked,—that the social modes of any particular time or country are not essentials to human existence. Seeing the self-command and vigour of your mind, and the largeness of heart which inspires you, I was gratified in looking forward to the use which you might make of that truth. It is one of the utmost importance to the advance of any people.

Government is no more than an arrangement; social modes are no more than habits, more or less approaching to the natural dictates of human sense. The chief use of travel is to detach from the traveller the notion that the customs which he has witnessed at home are part and parcel of his nature and destiny—that man cannot live without butter or tea; that the matron cannot face the day without precise gold ring on her left third finger; and that children cannot continue to breathe unless they are baptized to Biblical names. If he go no further than Italy he will learn to doubt the value of butter as an institution, will forget tea, will transfer his respect from the gold orbit to the red topknot of the decent matron among the vineyards; and if he go further Eastward, he will learn that the child can not only breathe without a baptismal name, but can thrive though it should not eat with forks "like a Christian." The lost amazement of the home-keeping youth at first finding himself among the ways of "outside barbarians," his difficulty of drawing in such manifest truths as the one that beds needs not be set in order by maidservants, his gradual appreciation of the mosquito curtain, are but symptoms of our own condition when we first

detect in retrospective history the startling truth that mankind was happy before there was linen or glass, and that respectable persons did attain the esteem of society without coat sleeves, boots, or even titles to clothe their names withal! We take life in the concrete, as it is before us, and mix up the artificial habiliments with the essential flesh and blood that are perdurable as the race. Customs and modes of life are as changeable as the garment itself. Government is no more than an arrangement, built up in a haphazard way, of conscious devices, concessions, neglects, sufferances, improvements, degeneracies, activities, indolences, and almost every motive or lack of motive that send to that central point d'appui the scraps of hardened and trite custom on the centripetal current of man's gregarious impulse. Government represents the abiding mistakes and ignorances as well as the knowledge and accumulated wisdom of society. Government is the depository of the collective conclusions of a family of man as to their guidance; but as information extends, as conclusions are corrected and enlarged, Government must be altered.

Let us glance for an instant at some few of the naked truths, correlatives of these two, before I proceed with the separate sections of my subject. I wish to show how the true spirit of conservation harmonizes with the true spirit of incessant improvement, and how both should check the modern tendency to elaboration and complexity of "institutions."

We deceive ourselves with metaphysical expressions, and erect them into political axioms. Because we derive some kind of satisfaction from the sight of a structure that will last—for it evinces the human power to construct that which can resist decay, that antagonist of vitality hated by our vital instincts—because change is troublesome except to its direct author, we liken our arrangements for governing to material structures, call them "institutions," and desire that they should be "stable." We forget that the action of organic life abominates confinement within the inorganic. If we could build man up into a "stable institution" we should doom his growing life to the fate of the toad in the rock. But, indeed, we cannot. Organic life can only create or uphold by a perpetual action. You cannot, as we sometimes say, "mould the child like wax;" but you can foster his growth as that of a flower, and thus cultivate and train him to the full force and symmetry of his type. As the very type of our bodily form is maintained by the perpetual action of the human organs, so the form of our political institutions depends upon the convictions of the moment, their efficacy and strength upon the living powers within us. The physical world has been said—and the assertion strikes me with the force of a truth—to subsist by a perpetual act of creation; we have no doubt that the great globe itself hangs in space, through each successive moment, by active laws, not by a passive "stability"—how ludicrous and death-like that idea seems! Thus, to attain that particular kind of good which we desire and miscall stability—the stoppage of needless, profitless, vacillating, or backward change—we must proceed, not by "building up stable institutions," but by developing to the utmost the powers of our kind according to our lights.

The best government of a country, therefore, is the product of the most highly cultivated powers in the race at any given time; the best customs are the product of the healthiest faculties.

These, the true "principles of government," expose the fallacy of those institutions which rely for their efficacy on repression of human faculties.

Now, what are objects of the association of man into "society," what the benefits of "progressive civilization," what the functions of "government"? why need we have these things at all? Truly, if we look empirically at some of the incidents that accompany them, we ought to admit that there is "some truth" in cynical girding at civilization. If we are to stop at a state of society in which "needlewomen" are an institution, in which prostitution is the correlative of a high tone in morals, and a hypocritical ignoring of all new convictions one half of respectability, I should say that we had better go back to more barbarous conditions, where individual powers had at least freer action amid the chances of disorder. But what are the objects of forming society and upholding government?

Man born on to the surface of this planet is endowed with the faculty of obtaining subsistence from it, by his labour, for himself, his mate, and their progeny; and as age comes upon him his

progeny can help. He finds, indeed, that association of labour can augment the produce, and can thus augment his comfort and the comfort of those he loves, and can also set them free for the longer time from the toil of labour for the longer and fuller enjoyment of the fruits of labour. Society helps that association of labour; and the advance of society ought to render the condition of man progressively better than it was at starting. Unless man in a civilized state has more and better fruits returned to his labour, more leisure time for the enjoyment thereof, and higher-cultivated faculties to enhance that enjoyment, society has been mismanaged. Unless each family in England—speaking quite generally, and not cavilling about exceptional cases—has a fuller fruition of labour and a fuller enjoyment of life than one in the half savage island of Tahiti as Cook found it, or in the wilds of America, society has been misbehaving itself. Now, what do the respective facts say?

You will not answer me with the Malthusian dogma, nor with the worse dogma of the imperfect political economy of our day, and say that misery necessarily attends increasing population. We have not yet explored that question, and must not share the arrogance of intellect which presumes a conclusion. If civilization and peace are to substitute needlewomen, or prostitution, or celibacy, for battle-fields and famines, give us rather those sharp calamities: they prune society but do not rot it, nor extinguish the faculties of life in a living death. War is not so bad as the systematic poverty of Bethnal Green, nor sudden famine so horrible as chronic short commons for whole communities to drag on a pallid and stunted existence.

Civilization, I say, should facilitate association in augmenting the fruitfulness of labour: what, if we find it, under the name of "property," keeping the whole of our race abiding here in England from the surface of the planet to which we belong, except upon conditions stipulated by a few who do not labour? Do not say that I am suggesting revolutionary ideas: my question simply states a fact. Society, then, is misbehaving itself on this point to the extent of keeping labour from its first field. It also cuts its own throat by imposing other restrictions on labour. Let us look into these things part by part.

I believe that one reason why our civilization has been so much cursed with stultification is, that our guides, philosophers, and friends in this behalf, since the practical science of modern times has supplied us with a bodily light, have thought it philosophical to go about their work without their feelings. Those are said to mislead you; the strangest delusion of our day. Let the intellect wander forth without its attendant Love, and it will miserably stray without check from our instincts and conscience. For instance, if we consider the condition of the labourer without caring for the labourer, our brother, we may easily be reconciled with that "division of employments," which allots to one man the wealth and enjoyment of labour's fruits, while to the other are left labour's toil and its suffering poverty. If we consider religion as a thing apart, I can well understand how we can walk abroad in God's universe and see the children of God alienated from the land of God, and His works rendered vain. I believe that our social mistakes are in great part caused by that singular innovation of modern intellectualism which has mistaken Religion and Love for impediments and not for powers, for burdens and not for endowments of our race, for clouds and not for lights. We have learned now-a-days to see through the vulgar notion that theory and practice are at odds: we know that all effective practice conforms to sound theory; we know that our human laws, if they are to be effective, must conform to God's laws, otherwise they lead to perishing, and perish themselves. For by the blessing of God evil is self-destructive. It is Love that makes the conscience bold, Love that renders labour sweet, even though hope be faint, Love that endows the understanding with the wisdom of the instincts vouchsafed to us by God. You, my dear Masson, do not commit that error, of thinking that you must waive half your faculties to attain the full growth of your intellect; and therefore is it that to me you appear as one of our younger spirits walking forth into the path of life with your eyes open, lighted with the light of Heaven, and seeing to hold out the hand of guidance to your fellows, wandering and stumbling with closed eyes. Alas, how vast a multitude!

Your faithful friend,

THORNTON HUNT.



Open Council.

[IN THIS DEPARTMENT, AS ALL OPINIONS, HOWEVER EXTREME, ARE ALLOWED AN EXPRESSION, THE EDITOR NECESSARILY HOLDS HIMSELF RESPONSIBLE FOR NONE.]

There is no learned man but will confess he hath much profited by reading controversies, his senses awakened, and his judgment sharpened. If, then, it be profitable for him to read, why should it not, at least, be tolerable for his adversary to write.—MILTON.

A REFORMATION.

August 27, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am an Unitarian believer of the Priestleyan school; and, having read in your last week's *Leader*, a very admirable letter signed M. C., I have thereby become informed of the fact that there does exist another advocate for the same idea of atonement which I promulgate, and I beg in addition to observe that if the writer believes in the correlative doctrines which are enumerated under the title "A Pure Reformation," I shall be happy to associate myself with him in an endeavour to have those elevating equitable principles universally published, maintained, and defended as truth. And I have the pleasure to subscribe myself, your constant reader,
ANTICHRIST.

The First Epistle General of John ii. 18:—"Little children, it is the *termination of the era*: and as ye have heard that Antichrist shall come, even now there are many Antichrists, whereby we know that it is the *termination of the era*."*

A PURE REFORMATION.

Religion is a practice of the following personal, or individual duties:—

Prayer, being the worship of One True God.
Innocence, being an abstinence from vice.
Repentance, being the remission of sins.
Atonement, being an expiation of offences.

Morality is a performance of the following social or relative duties:—

To amend, improve, and reform the laws.
To promote virtue and to prevent vice.
To eradicate slavery and to foster equality.
To prevent, arrest, or suppress all warfare, and to uphold cooperation.

Faith.

A belief in one omniscient, omnipotent, and omnipresent Being—the Creator, Saviour, and Everlasting Benefactor of mankind—and, consequently, the only proper object of human worship.

Hope.

A longing for the second advent of the Son of Man, with great power, honour, and glory, to reign over all mankind, and to decree such rewards or punishments as their actions merit.

N.B. I shall be delighted to answer any definite questions upon the above, and will endeavour to answer them by short lucid explanations.

THE ELLIOTT MONUMENT.

Oxford, August 27, 1859.

SIR,—It must leave a painful reflection on the minds of all rational and thinking men who have read the soul-stirring and prophetic poetry of Ebenezer Elliott, at the dead and inactive manner in which the proposed testimonial to his memory has been responded to. I am no hero-worshipper, having been convinced for many years that honourable and straight-forward actions toward our fellow men is far preferable to any such homage. I certainly must confess I always had a hope that, should I ever see the day that I might be called upon in justice to contribute my mite to perpetuate the memory of one of the noblest-minded men of the nineteenth century, I should see in this boasted England of ours such a host of sympathizers respond to the appeals as have not been witnessed in this country for many years. It appears, however, that I am doomed to the most miserable disappointment in this matter, judging from the appearance of the subscription list. I feel certain that Ebenezer Elliott's works have not been generally read in this country, or it would be impossible for the working classes of England to so far forget the benefit he conferred upon them by his labours in

* The alterations in the above, from "last time," to "termination of the era," have been made to give in the text the apparent meaning of the writer more clearly to the reader.

hastening that result (viz., the repeal of the corn-laws) which must ultimately lead to a more general adoption of the principles which he so ably and energetically advocated to his dying hour.

How truly it is said by Thomas Carlyle, "that we seem to have a great liking for stump oratory;" sometimes, in fact, I think the labouring classes of England will never rise above "national palaver" and "gin palaces." If I am right in this prediction, it will require no very discriminating eye to discern that we are moving on in a road that will terminate very abruptly. I cannot think for the soul of me what the intelligent portion of the working classes are and have been thinking upon for the last half century; with the gigantic power of steam ready at all times, with head and hands the most willing and skilful that ever lived on the face of this beautiful earth, with the aid of the printing-press, locomotives, steam-ships, and the electric telegraph, they appear to be going very rapidly in a backward direction: this to me is and has been a sad sight for these many years. Thomas Carlyle thinks that ten men might be found of the right sort to arrange our producing, distributing, and educating wants. I am of opinion that, if half that number could be found among the twenty-seven millions, there would be no difficulty in laying down a plan in less than one year, where all men possessing a soul within them, and whose dead bones are capable of animation, might produce a result unequalled in the annals of the world. Of course, to carry out this simple business, "eternal justice" must be the motto, and "national palaver" and "stump oratory" must be numbered with the things that have been. What a strange business is that Mormon question; these singular people seem to have hit on a plan that does astonish us with all our prophesying, that men never can be equal—they seem to have given us the lie in our teeth; and, if we are to believe the newspaper and other reports, there are thousands upon thousands gone into a wilderness to practise and carry out what the best of teachers advocated eighteen centuries back. Surely, we can find five men in England as good as some of these Mormons; if not, to what a fearful pitch have we sunk. I do hope and trust that a day is near at hand when half-a-dozen reapers may be found that will enter into a covenant with themselves and the living God that made them, that they will unite in one common bond of brotherhood and justice, advocating death to ignorance, and the advancement of truth, and the elevation of the mind of the millions of our unfortunate workers, hundreds of thousands of whom are now to my knowledge withering in the coal mine, and dragging out a miserable existence more wretched than the unfortunate slaves that fell into the hands of the gold thirsty Spaniards in Venezuela.

I am, Sir, yours truly,
THOMAS ATKINS.

[Mr. Atkins encloses four guineas towards the Monument-Fund, which will be found in the advertisements.—Ed.]

DISCUSSION OF RELIGION IN NEWSPAPERS.

Boyne-cottage, August 16, 1859.

SIR,—There is no one feature of your valuable paper that I approve of and rejoice in more than its introduction and discussion of religious subjects—a province which newspapers in general have hitherto far too carefully, not to say timidly, eschewed,—another instance of the pernicious practice of relegating religion to particular persons, times, and places. How often do we read in a public print, when some religious topic has been incidentally touched upon, words to this effect:—"But we must desist: such subjects are ill-fitted for a newspaper." Rowland Hill, or some other pious humorist, when expostulated with for adapting hymn-words to operas, asked, "Why is the devil to have all the best tunes?" In like manner I ask, "Why is the pulpit to have a monopoly of that best of lore which concerns all alike—the laity as well as the clergy?" But the truth is, the latter fear the loss of their influence, and would fain discountenance newspaper reading among their flocks. And well may they cry out "Our craft is in danger!" when such able articles in their own line (though very different in treatment) are to be met with in the *Leader*,—articles in which a far more liberal and heart-enlarging divinity is taught and enforced than is to be found, as I take it, in professional sermons in general. Be this, however, as it may: my chief object in addressing these few lines to you is to say how completely I accord with George Sumter, jun., in the opinions expressed in his letter headed "Erroneous Notions on the Sabbath." I have read nothing better put, or more to the purpose, for many a day. The truth he advocates is one that needs to be again and again impressed upon the public mind, which is steeped in superstition upon the subject of Sunday, or (as the pious prefer to say—mischievously, I think—) Sabbath observance. We shall never make progress in genuine piety until the notion of a holy day is made to give place to the far truer and nobler one of a holy heart.

I am, Sir, yours very truly,

THOMAS NOEL.

TYRANNY IN ENGLAND.

August 21, 1859.

SIR,—In looking through some late numbers of the *Athenaeum* I caught sight of a brief report of a judgment recently given in the Vice-Chancellor's Court, shewing that the same spirit now animates the Court of Chancery which formerly actuated Lord Eldon in depriving the poet Shelley of the guardianship of his children. The case to which I allude was reported in the *Times* of June 8th, as having been heard and decided upon by the late Sir Launcelot Shadwell on June 4th, and as it has not been commented upon by any paper, so far as I know, and may have escaped that attention it so well deserves, I beg to recall it to your notice and that of the readers of the *Leader*.

The facts are briefly these:—William Jones Hartley, by his will dated 4th October, 1843, after several other bequests, left all his personalty not specially bequeathed to Major-General Briggs, to pay debts and legacies, and "to apply £300 of the residue as a prize for the best original essay which he can procure on the subject of Natural Theology, treating it as a science, and demonstrating the truth, harmony, and infallibility of the evidence on which it is founded, and the perfect accordance of such evidence with reason; also demonstrating the adequacy and sufficiency of Natural Theology, when so treated and taught as a science, to constitute a true, perfect, and philosophical system of universal religion (analogous to other universal systems of science, such as astronomy, &c.), founded on immutable facts and the works of creation, and beautifully adapted to man's reason, and tending, as other sciences do, but in a higher degree, to improve and elevate his nature and render him a wise, happy, and exalted being."

The same testator also bequeathed "£200 to the American Minister of the time being, to be laid out and applied as a prize for the best original essay on the subject of Emigration to the United States of North America; the chief object of such essay being to diffuse authentic and recent information on the advantages which those States present as a field for emigration, and especially British Emigration."

The surplus of the testator's property to go towards publishing and circulating the two essays in England.

Mr. Wray, who appeared for the Attorney-General, "argued that the bequest was good, and that no doctrine broached therein was inconsistent with the principle upon which the Bridgewater Treatises were founded, and which had been recognized as a good law."

The Vice-Chancellor (Sir L. Shadwell) declared both bequests void. "He could not imagine," reports the *Times*, "that the first bequest meant anything at all consistent with Christianity;" so that, according to this decision, the study of Natural Theology and of the works of the Creator is inconsistent with Christianity. The *Athenaeum* reports the addition of the judge's opinion that the fulfilment of the testator's intention "would tend to demoralize society and subvert the Church;" from which it must be inferred that the study of that living book of Revelation constantly before our eyes is immoral and inconsistent with the Established Church!

With respect to the second bequest, the *Times* reports briefly the Vice-Chancellor's opinion that "it was perfect nonsense;" but the *Athenaeum* reports the judge's reason for annulling it to be, that "it would tend to encourage persons to emigrate to the United States and throw off their allegiance to the Queen." Now, as one reason for declaring this bequest void was precisely that it would promote the object of the testator, the epithet "perfect nonsense" is equally applicable to the decision—indeed more so.

Futile as are these attempts to suppress truth and stifle free enquiry, such judgments, emanating from the highest and most powerful court of justice in the kingdom, have a deep and grave significance for all who seek truth and value justice. The power and the will to set in motion the legal machinery that has superseded in this country the old engines of physical torture, has assuredly not died with Sir Launcelot Shadwell; and who knows how soon it may be brought to bear upon the utterance of opinion by living men as it has been on the purpose of one who is dead.

That any investigation of the beauties and wonders of creation and the divine laws of the Creator should be regarded as inconsistent with the pure doctrines of Christ and the spirit of Christianity, is so astounding, that it is difficult to believe any enlightened Christian, much more an English judge of the late Vice-Chancellor's intelligence, should enunciate such an opinion; and that "society" would be "demoralized" thereby, seems an apprehension as vague as the form of expression: what is here meant by "society," and how it could possibly be "demoralized" by the study of "Natural Theology," we are left to conjecture. But, that such investigation may tend to weaken the authority of certain dogmas cherished by the Church is not unlikely.

As regards America, that every true statement of the "advantages" which the United States offer as "a field for emigration" would tend to promote emigration to America, there can be but little doubt

on that head; and if this would tend to induce emigrants to throw off their allegiance to Queen Victoria, what a pity it is that the British Colonies are not made at once more accessible to the emigrant and more beneficial to the colonist, by good government and a well-organized scheme of colonization. These are the only means of averting the stream of emigration from the United States. W. M. S.

THE LOST KEYS.—No. IV.

August 28, 1850.

SIR,—Freemasons have among their symbols the sun. The master is supposed to typify that glorious object rising in the east to open, and setting in the west to close, the day, &c. The sun also, like true masonry, never sets, for it is at its meridian at all times. This might have been all very well as regarded masons in former ages, but, alas! the fraternity in the west know as much about true masonry and building the temple of the sun as that luminary knows about them—perhaps not so much. The masonic halls formerly were very generally pictured with the sun as the central and chief ornament, and the signs of the zodiac around. Even in these dark ages of the craft some of the lodges were so embellished, and many have placed in a very conspicuous position a brilliant star. As modern masons know not the meaning of that token I will inform them. It is Capella of Auriga, and *has, or ought* always to have, six rays, to denote it to be the double triangle, or a star of the first magnitude. This Capella, or little goat of the charioteer, is merely the director, but for minute calculations λ , or lambda, of the lamb of Auriga, is the star intended. It is situate in right ascension, five days from the 21st of June, or summer solstice; that is, reckoning the astronomical Taurus with its 30 degrees to be June. Beneath Capella, at some distance towards the south, is a mountain called Mons Mensæ, the summit of which points upwards to Capella. Twelve times twelve is merely a zodiacal figure of speech—denoting quantity: it is true, in matter of fact it means a hundred and forty-four:—

"And I looked, and, lo, a Lamb stood on the mount Sion, and with him an hundred forty and four thousand, having his Father's name written in their foreheads."—Rev. xiv. 1.

There are with Auriga on his arm invariably two lambs joined together:—

"Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honour to him: for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready."—Rev. xix. 7.

The type of Gemini is at the position; and the Gemini in the east are represented by a man and woman, and called "husband and wife." The two lambs of Auriga are sometimes designated "kids," and this term will apply either to young children or to young goats. Our astronomers represent the Gemini as children. At the same right ascension (within a few minutes of a degree) with λ (lambda) of Auriga, is Rigel or Raguel—the name meaning "shepherd of God," &c. Lambda of Auriga and the other lamb are on the arm of *Flagor*, Auriga, and sometimes pictured as being in his bosom:—

"He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young."—Isaiah xl. 11.

Besides the two lambs, there is the little goat Capella, and, it being horned, some astronomers formerly designated it as a young cow, and made it the female of Taurus, the sign wherein it is to be found:—

"And it shall come to pass in that day, that a man shall nourish a young cow and two sheep."—Isaiah vii. xxi.

Freemasons reckon their craft to be of the date of creation. As mason—mason-astronomers, or builders in heavenly gems and precious stones, they unquestionably can date their science from the creation of the heavens and the earth, now called Mons Mænelaus, because all before was *unformed space, omorika*, and not till the Elohim were placed therein could time be dated. Some masons are satisfied with tracing their antiquity to the time of Babel. Here, again, they are correct, for Babel merely means confusion; and till the heavens were parcelled out among the Elohim into six signs of light, and the seventh became that of the Egyptian misiriam, or darkness, there must have been sad confusion in building the temple to the Most High. The number now used denoting the age of the craft is discreditable to enlightened men, because, *not daring to tell the truth*, they have merely added the figures of the type of the master mason to the anno Domini, or anno Elohim, of the priesthood of Crux. Thus four, or the square, \square , gives the present year of masonry, 5850.

The sun was with lambda of Auriga 1850 years back, at the summer solstice, when John wrote his revelations respecting the lamb, and, among other things, he "saw an angel standing in the sun." Rev. xix. 17. It was here also that the sun tarried on the Mount, or Gideon, meaning (the hill), already referred to, and the moon stayed in the valley of the deer or stag, "Ajalon." If the type of Gemini tallies with

Taurus, so does the type of Capricornus, the deer, tally with the white horse of Sagittarius opposite. Respecting this white horse, I have given some interpretation. The astronomer will laugh at my asserting that the sun at the solstice was with lambda of Auriga 1850 years back; but my reply will be best understood by the answer that must be given to the question, why does the type of Gemini II overlap the sign Taurus?

The masons' certificate of former times set forth the day and month of the year A.L., and, misinterpreting the meaning of the L., many different suppositions have been offered. The correct version is anno—the year of Lumen—"the sun, the star, the eye," &c., &c.

The principal festivals of masons are the St. Johns—one the Midsummer-day (June 24), or three days after the solstice on the 21st; the other on the 27th of December, or five days after the winter solstice on the 22nd. I shall pass the three days of solstitial slumber, or the sun in the cave, or *hole*, or *merkere*, because the two days on the opposite require minute calculations, and the key, the triple tau, is necessary to clear the apparent difficulties: Midsummer-day, therefore, tallies with one John. Now, it was necessary for the astronomers to square the circle, and this could not be well effected when that circle was the solar year. The year was, therefore, reduced to twelve signs of 30 degrees each, or 360 days or degrees, or four nineties; the five days were called *dies non*. Some of the learned calculated time by the mid-day sun only, and others by the sun and the midnight host of Heaven. The first gave the year as our astronomers do, twenty-four hours, this was the day of Elohim; the day of man was likewise of twenty-four hours from mid-day, and this practice is still in vogue in Italy, and at some other places. Others divided the days of the year into two parts of twelve hours, in the same manner as we do the ordinary diurnal period. For both the calculations—that of midday and midnight of Elohim—it was necessary to square the circle at each position;—therefore, lambda of Auriga, closing on the astronomical 21st of June, or Taurus, reduces the circle of the year to 360 degrees; and the 27th of December closed upon the 22nd effects the same end,—so that the two Johns represent the positions of the sun at the summer and winter solstice 1850 years back.

The principal tools of masons are the compass, the triangle, and the square; the Δ is of two points, the \triangle of three, and the \square of four. The compass, circinus; the triangle, triangulum; and the square, ara; the chief star of the latter was with the sun on Crux 1850 years back.

"And thou shalt put it under the compass of the altar beneath, that the net may be even to the midst of the altar."—Exodus xxvii. 5.

These emblematical figures of masonry, then, are $\Delta \square \triangle$, and reversed, $\square \triangle \Delta$; and what do they read but the mysterious numbers of the east that have puzzled our learned men—432; or, with the zeros added, the Sabbatical 4,320,000—cabalistic numbers that will, when their meaning becomes known, explain another motion of the world now unknown to our astronomers and geologists.

H. S. MELVILLE.

EDUCATION AND GREGARIOUS LABOUR.—As a check upon the demoralizing tendency of factory labour, I can conceive of no other means of nullifying and counteracting the external physical temptations than by erecting the internal fortification of a cultivated moral and mental nature. There is in every man and in every woman an intense desire for something other than the routine of toil, something in which the workshop does not enter. In the cultivated man this force, this aspiration, mostly expends itself in intellectual forays over the great field of letters, in the delights and nobilities of study. But in the uncultivated—in those to whom the keys and passports of the intellectual repertoire are not given—those aspirations and forces take a physical channel, and expend themselves in drunkenness, licentious intercourse, and other rude corporeal recreations. . . . The remarks just made as to the means of resisting the demoralizing tendency of the factory system apply with equal force to the dangers and temptations of large towns. The only hope we have for emptying gin palaces, draining singing saloons, and thinning the streets of the unfortunate victims of prurient severity is, I believe, in a spread of cultivation, of refinement, of knowledge. And as regards the unwholesome of towns, is not that a pure matter of education? The reading, intelligent operative lives not in dirt; the reading, intelligent operative keeps no pig in a small back yard, nor has his windows semi-opaque with accumulated filth; the reading, intelligent operative keeps an eye to the situation of his dwelling, and understands the economy of a dearer dwelling in an airier situation. It is the poor untutored man of toil, the stupid, overfed, blundering civic dignitary, as in London, into whose brain enlightened reading seldom enters, and whose philanthropy is his vested interests, that pile up street after street in suffocating narrowness, and to whom the cry of physicians, and chemists, and philanthropists ascends unheeded, until cholera comes to whip them into reason. . . . Force from without, in the shape of wise legislation, may do much in this matter; but it can neither do as much, nor do it as well, as a diffusion of the power and taste for reading.—Mr. J. S. Smith, in the *Lancashire National School Association Essays*.

Literature.

Critics are not the legislators, but the judges and police of literature. They do not make laws—they interpret and try to enforce them.—*Edinburgh Review*.

THE MOORE RAPHAEL.

"APOLLO AND MARSYAS."

We have much pleasure in informing our Subscribers that the *Leader* of Saturday, September 7, will contain a finely-executed engraving of this exquisite picture, recently discovered by Mr. Morris Moore, whose kind permission enables us to publish it. The engraving will be very nearly the size of the original, and a full account of the picture and its discovery will be given.

THIS week has produced a curiosity of literature in the shape of a fifth edition of Professor SEDGWICK's *Discourse on the Studies of the University of Cambridge*: the *Discourse* itself occupies 94 pages, the preface no less than 442 pages, and the appendix 228 pages. The work in short bears about the same proportion to its preface and notes as FALSTAFF's bread box to his sack. It says but little for the influence of classical studies when such monstrous mistake in art are committed by those who swear by the ancients; and we shall examine, in a future number, whether the contents redeem such slovenly composition.

BULWER has a new novel about to appear in *Blackwood*, which will be good news to the readers of that periodical, especially those who had not recovered their alarm by his formal leavetaking of the public in *Lucrèce*, a threat which none who knew him could believe. He belongs to the race of Workers, and loves his work too well to pause for any length of time. Within him dwells that divine impulse to create, to throw off forms of life as a plant throws out buds, which the Greeks likened to a gadfly stinging the soul, and which keeps him unresting, let him "register a vow" as often as he may. In this, as in some other respects, BULWER resembles BALZAC, whom—now that he is dead—all France seems anxious to celebrate with praise as exaggerated as their blame while he lived was harsh and unjust. To our minds there is nothing rational in the common adage, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*—at least in the case of public men; to speak only good of the dead is very often the stalking horse under cover of which to shoot at the living; and there is no more generosity in it than there is in the liberality of dramatic authors who give away purses of—stage counters. In the case of BALZAC, as recently we noted in the case of PEEL, the public press no sooner records his death than it records an unanimity of eulogy, of appreciation, of deep conviction of his surpassing excellence, perfectly astonishing to those who remember how a few days before the language of scorn was not bitter enough to express their disdain and hatred. Is the praise a mockery, or was the virulence assumed for party purposes? How came it that men were so deeply conscious of PEEL's sincerity, disinterestedness, and commanding ability, yet could only avow it when the grave had closed for ever over those qualities? If BALZAC is now to be compared with SHAKESPEARE and MOLIERE, why was he contemptuously thrown among the vulgar scribblers of the day? Is it right, is it moral that the living author should be tortured by calumny, contempt, ridicule, for the very works which, when he dies, will by the same people be eulogized as chefs-d'œuvre? Of what good are praise and sympathy to the silent BALZAC? Will they repay him for the sufferings of his self-love? Through poverty, through envy, through enmity BALZAC toiled; praise to him was cheering, as it is to all men, lightening his toil; but he had to pay the penalty of success, and know himself the target for every malicious critic. Now that he is dead, now he no longer stands in anybody's light, now that malice cannot wound him, now that objection cannot disturb his felicity, no one has anything but praise to write. Yet now, if ever, criticism might be unsparing, for now it might teach the public without wounding the author. But it is a received opinion that you must only speak good of the dead; and criticism will be silent. For our own parts we utterly refuse to credit the sincerity of the man who will not dare to praise the living, and has only eulogies for the dead: to speak the truth of dead and living is the aim of every earnest man. Some have thought our article on WORDSWORTH too severe "because he is dead"—would they have

preferred the severity towards one living—one whom it might have hurt and could not benefit?

Let us, while on the subject of BALZAC, contradict the paragraph going through the papers purporting that MADAME EVE DE BALZAC is left without fortune; she had a large fortune of her own, and it adds to the feeling of regret for his early death that he, who all his life had cherished a dream of seigniorial splendour, and had painted it so lovingly in his works, should be cut off just as the admiration of one of his fair Russian readers had placed it within his grasp. He did not even live to complete "son œuvre" as he was fond of styling his varied works; but *La Comédie Humaine* is a monument any man might be proud to let his name be graven on: though whether posterity will regard that monument with anything like the admiration he claimed for it is another question.

A new work for children is announced by GEORGE SAND, to be illustrated by her son MAURICE; its title is *Histoire du véritable Gribouille* (a Gribouille is something like our 'Tom Noddy'), and has double piquancy, first, as being a child's book by *la grande desolée*—the terrible *Lévia*—the personification to some English minds of "the shocking French school"—secondly, as being illustrated by her son, for whom she intends reserving the illustration of all her works. Booksellers and artists have made her splendid offers to allow an illustrated edition of her writings to be published; but she has refused them all, resolving that MAURICE and she alone shall do it.

ALTON LOCKE: A CHARTIST NOVEL.

Alton Locke; Tailor and Poet. An Autobiography. 2 vols. Chapman and Hall.

THIS is a work of singular eloquence and power, and one to make the pulses beat and the eyes fill. In respect of art there is much to which we might object, were it not obvious that the art itself is here subordinate in the author's mind to the purpose of the book, viz., its exhibition in an impassioned form of the wrongs, the obstacles to progress, the growing evils, the aspirations and the delusions besetting the working classes. That it is not a real autobiography the least sagacious reader will soon divine; and it is assuredly a defect in art so palpably to exhibit the literary man (and a highly-cultivated one, too) beneath the dress of the working man. Nor are many of the incidents more lifelike than the style: they are thrown in for some purpose of the author's, without much reference to verisimilitude. In short, the author may say with Bayes in the *Rehearsal*, "Why, what the devil is the plot good for but to bring in fine things?" As the art de conter visibly declines in our day, we see this tendency to make stories vehicles for reflection and philosophy increase. Nothing can be more opposed to ancient art. Aristotle emphatically says that the story (*mythos*) is the principal part, and, so to speak, the soul of tragedy; whereas the ethical portion (*êthos*) comes second.

Do not, however, suppose that the story is deficient in interest. On the contrary, it seizes hold of you with a spell like that of the Ancient Mariner, who fixed the attention of the impatient wedding guest—and you listen to its ghastly revelations with a breathless curiosity. It is only when the book is closed, and the mind, retracing its steps on that road it has just been hurrying along, notes with more reflective care the various figures and landscapes it has passed, that the peculiar faults or felicities of the work rise into distinct recognition. Then, indeed, you dwell with a loving willingness on the portrait of old Sandy Mackaye, the secondhand bookseller,—a thoughtful, kindly, cautious, canny, noble Scot, so true in his individuality that we ransack our memory to discover whom it is we have known that might have sat for the portrait—on O'Flynn, a Irish, sarcastic, yet discriminating portrait of the Irish editor trading in vehemence and sedition, yet sincere in the convictions which he makes a trade of—on the Methodists, who are powerfully indicated (at least the low side of them) in Wigginton, and in the coarse, sensual, trivial-minded missionary—on George Locke, the type of a "respectable" pushing young man—on Eleanor, the noble, high-souled woman, moving through the volumes like a thing of heaven.

We shall not spoil the author's story nor take the edge off the reader's appetite by an analysis of *Alton Locke*; enough if we indicate the nature of its contents. The hero is a sickly boy left with a stern Calvinistic mother, and the opposition of the healthy

instincts of nature to the savage, degrading, and desolating tenets of his mother and her teachers, is powerfully wrought out in a few striking scenes. He is subsequently apprenticed to a tailor—educates himself—develops into a poet and Chartist—falls in love with a lady—is patronized by some of "the great"—is sent as the Chartist delegate to attend a country meeting, and is imprisoned for three years on a charge of sedition—joins the Chartist demonstration on the 10th of April—and is finally converted to Christianity in a somewhat miraculous manner.

The value of the book consists in its eloquent exposition of the "Condition of England Question"—its dramatic representation of what is living in the hearts and brains of the working men—its energetic denunciation of the evils of competition, and our shopkeeper morals shutting out all noble enthusiasms and high religious motive—and in its bold utterance of unpalatable truths. But, although a Chartist novel, written by one who deeply sympathizes with the working classes, it is equally remarkable for its clear perception of the errors and failings of the working classes, and contains lessons for them they would do well to meditate on profoundly. Indeed, in spite of the vehemence and passionate declamation in this book, it is eminently the work of a poet—and this it is which keeps it from demagoguism. The poet's love and gentleness, the poet's far-reaching sympathies, and the poet's trust in whatsoever is beautiful and noble, may be read in almost every chapter of the book; and while reading you find yourself warming with a glow of friendship towards the unknown author.

We will now give a few extracts as whets to the appetite. Alton has been writing verses about the Pacific which excite the friendly indignation of Sandy Mackaye, who asks him where he lives?—

"What do you mean, Mr. Mackaye?" asked I, with a doubtful and disappointed visage.

"Mean—why, if God had meant ye to write about Pacifics, He'd ha put ye there—and because He means ye to write about London town, He's put ye there—and gien ye an unco sharp taste o' the ways o' it; and I'll ge ye another. Come along wi' me."

"And he seized me by the arm, and hardly giving me time to put on my hat, marched me out into the streets, and away through Clare-market to St. Giles's."

"It was a foul, chilly, foggy, Saturday night. From the butchers' and greengrocers' shops the gaslights flared and flickered, wild and ghastly, over haggard groups of slumped dirty women, bargaining for scraps of stale meat and frosted vegetables, wrangling about short weight and bad quality. Fish-stalls and fruit-stalls lined the edge of the greasy pavement, sending up odours as foul as the language of sellers and buyers. Blood and sewer-water crawled from under doors and out of spouts, and reeked down the gutters among offal, animal and vegetable, in every stage of putrefaction. Foul vapours rose from cowsheds and slaughter-houses, and the doorways of undrained alleys, where the inhabitants carried the filth out on their shoes from the back yard into the court, and from the court up into the main street; while above, hanging like cliffs over the streets—those narrow, brawling torrents of filth, and poverty, and sin—the houses with their teeming load of life were piled up into the dingy choking night. A ghastly, deafening, sickening sight it was. Go, scented Beltravian! and see what London is! and then go to the library which God has given thee—one often fears in vain—and see what science says this London might be!"

"Ay," he muttered to himself, as he strode along, "sing awa; get yoursel wi' child wi' pretty fancies and gran' words, like the rest of the poets, and gang to hell for it."

"To hell, Mr. Mackaye?"

"Ay, to a vera real hell, Alton Locke, laddie—a worse one than any fiend's kitchen, or subterranean Smithfield that ye'll hear o' in the pulpits—the hell on earth o' being a flunkey, and a humbug, and a useless peacock, wasting God's gifts on your sin lusts and pleasures—and kenning it—and not being able to get oot o' it, for the chains o' vanity and self-indulgence. I've warned ye. Now look there!"

"He stopped suddenly before the entrance of a miserable alley—

"Look! there's not a soul down that yard but's either beggar, drunkard, thief, or worse. Write about that! Say how ye saw the mouth o' hell, and the two pillars thereof at the entry—the pawnbroker's shop o' one side and the gin palace at the other—two monstrous devils, eating up men, and women, and bairns, b'dy and soul. Look at the jaws o' the monsters, how they open and open, and swallow in another victim and another. Write about that!"

"What jaws, Mr. Mackaye!"

"They fauldin'-doors o' the gin shop, goose. Are na they a main damnable man-devouring idol than any red-hot statue o' Moloch, or wicker Gogmagog, wherein thee auld Britons burnt their prisoners? Look at thae bare-footed, bare-backed hizzies, with their arms round the men's necks, and their mouths full o' vitriol and beastly words! Look at that Irishwoman pouring the gin down the babbie's throat! Look at that raff o' a boy gaun out o' the pawnshop, where he's been pledging the handker-

chief he stole the morning, into the ginshop, to buy beer poisoned wi' grains o' paradise, and cocculus indicus, and saut, and a' damnable, maddening, thirst-breeding, lust-breeding drugs! Look at that girl that went in wi' a shawl on her back and cam' out wi'out ane! Drunkards frae the breast!—harlots frae the cradle!—damned before they're born! John Calvin had an inkling o' the truth there, I'm a'most driven to think, wi' his reprobation devil's doctrines!"

"Well—but—Mr. Mackaye, I know nothing about these poor creatures."

"Then ye ought. What do ye ken about the Pacific? Which is maist to your business?—that bare-backed hizzies that play the harlot o' the other side o' the world, or these—these thousands o' bare-backed hizzies that play the harlot o' your ain side—made out o' your ain flesh and blude? You a poet! True poetry, like true charity, my laddie, begins at home. If ye'll be a poet at a', ye maun be a cookney poet; and, while the cockneys be what they be, ye maun write, like Jeremiah o' old, o' lamentation, and mourning, and woe, for the sins o' your people. Gin ye want to learn the spirit o' a people's poet, down wi' your Bible and read thae auld Hebrew prophets; gin ye wad learn the style, read your Burns frae morning till night; and gin ye'd learn the matter, just gang after your nose, and keep your eyes open, and ye'll no miss it."

Here is something more about

MODERN ART.

"Why is it that the latest poet has generally the greatest influence over the minds of the young? Surely not for the mere charm of novelty? The reason is, that he, living amid the same hopes, the same temptations, the same sphere of observation as they, gives utterance and outward form to the very questions which, vague and wordless, have been exercising their hearts. And what endeared Tennyson especially to me, the working-man, was, as I afterwards discovered, the altogether democratic tendency of his poems. True, all great poets are by their office democrats; seeds of man only as man; singers of the joys, the sorrows, the aspirations common to all humanity; but in Alfred Tennyson there is an element especially democratic, truly levelling; not his political opinions, about which I know nothing, and care less, but his handling of the trivial every-day sights and sounds of nature. Brought up, as I understand, in a part of England which possesses not much of the picturesque, and nothing of that which the vulgar call sublime, he has learnt to see that in all nature, in the hedgerow and the sandbank, as well as in the alps peak and the ocean waste, is a world of true sublimity,—a minute infinite,—an ever fertile garden of poetic images, the roots of which are in the unfathomable and the eternal, as truly as any phenomenon which astonishes and awes the eye. The descriptions of the desolate pools and creeks where the dying swan floated, the hint of the silvery marsh mosses by Mariana's moat, came to me like revelations. I always knew there was something beautiful, wonderful, sublime in those flowery dykes of Battersea fields; in the long gravelly sweeps of that lone tidal shore; and here was a man who had put them into words for me! This is what I call democratic art—the revelation of the poetry which lies in common things."

Here is a touch of an

APPEAL TO GOVERNMENT.

"Government—government? You a tailor, and not know that government are the very authors of this system? Not to know that they first set the example, by getting the army and navy clothes made by contractors, and taking the lowest tenders? Not to know that the police clothes, the postmen's clothes, the convicts' clothes, are all contracted for on the same infernal plan, by sweaters, and sweaters' sweaters, and sweaters' sweaters' sweaters, till Government work is just the very last, lowest resource to which a poor starved-out wretch betakes himself to keep body and soul together? Why, the Government prices, in almost every department, are half, and less than half, the very lowest living price. I tell you, the careless iniquity of Government about these things will come out some day. It will be known, the whole abomination, and future abomination, and future generations will class it with the tyrannies of the Roman emperors and the Norman barons. Why, it's a fact that the colonels of the regiments—noblemen, most of them—make their own vile profit out of us tailors—out of the pauperism of the men, the slavery of the children, the prostitution of the women. They get so much a uniform allowed them by Government to clothe the men with; and then—then, they let out the jobs to the contractors at less than half what Government give them, and pocket the difference. And then you talk of appealing to Government!"

FIRST GLIMPSE OF NATURE.

"It was a glorious morning at the end of May; and when I escaped from the pall of smoke which hung over the city, I found the sky a sheet of cloudless blue. How I watched for the ending of the rows of houses, which lined the road for miles—the great roots of London, running far out into the country, up which poured past me an endless stream of food, and merchandise, and human beings—the sap of the huge metropolitan life-tree! How each turn of the road opened a fresh line of terraces or villas, till hope deferred made the heart sick, and the country seemed—like the place where the rainbow touches the ground, or the El Dorado of Raleigh's Guiana settlers—always a little farther off! How, between gaps in the houses right and left, I caught tantalizing glimpses of green fields, shut from me by dull lines of high-spiked palings! How I peeped through gates and over fences at trim lawns and gardens, and longed to stay, and admire, and speculate on the names of the strange plants and gaudy flowers; and then hurried on, always expecting to find something still finer ahead—something really worth stopping to look at—till the

houses thickened again into a street, and I found myself, to my disappointment, in the midst of a town! And then more villas and palings; and then a village;—when would they stop, those endless houses?

"At last they did stop. Gradually the people whom I passed began to look more and more rural, and the town and ill fed. The houses ended, cattle yards and farm buildings appeared; and right and left, far away, spread the low rolling sheet of green meadows and corn fields. Oh, the joy! The lawns with their high elms and firs, the green hedgerows, the delicate hue and scent of the fresh clover fields, the steep clay banks where I stopped to pick nosegays of wild flowers, and became again a child,—and then recollected my mother, and a walk with her on the river bank towards the Red House. I hurried on again, but could not be unhappy, while my eyes ranged free, for the first time in my life, over the chequered squares of cultivation, over glittering brooks, and hills quivering in the green haze, while above hung the skylarks, pouring out their souls in melody. And then, as the sun grew hot, and the larks dropped one by one into the growing corn, the new delight of the blessed silence! I listened to the silence; for noise had been my native element; I had become in London quite unconscious of the ceaseless roar of the human sea, casting up mire and dirt. And now, for the first time in my life, the earthing, confusing hubbub had flowed away, and left my brain calm and free. How I felt at that moment a capability of clear, bright meditation, which was as new to me, as I believe it would have been to most Londoners in my position. I cannot help fancying that our unnatural atmosphere of excitement, physical as well as moral, is to blame for very much of the working men's restlessness and fierceness. As it was, I felt that every step forward, every breath of fresh air, gave me new life. I had gone fifteen miles before I recollected that, for the first time for many months, I had not coughed since I rose."

A PATRIOT EDITOR.

"Mr. O'Flynn, editor of the *Weekly Warhoop*, whose white slave I now found myself, was, I am afraid, a pretty faithful specimen of that class, as it existed before the bitter lesson of the 10th of April brought the Chartist working men and the Chartist press to their senses. Thereon sprang up a new race of papers, whose moral tone, whatever may be thought of their political or doctrinal opinions, was certainly not inferior to that of the Whig and Tory press. The *Commonwealth*, the *Standard of Freedom*, the *Plain Speaker*, were reproaches, if to be a Chartist is to be a proberate; but none except the most one-sided bigots could deny them the praise of a stern morality and a lofty earnestness, a hatred of evil and a craving after good, which would often put to shame many a paper among the oracles of Belgravia and Exeter-hall. But those were the days of lubricity and O'Flynn. Not that the man was an unredeemed scoundrel. He was no more profligate, either in his literary or his private morals, than many a man who earns his hundreds, sometimes his thousands, a year, by prophesying smooth things to Mammon, crying in daily leaders, 'Peace! peace!' when there is no peace, and dubbing the rotten walls of careless luxury and self-satisfied covetousness with the untempered mortar of party statistics and garbled foreign news—till 'the storm shall fall, and the breaking thereof cometh suddenly in an instant.' Let those of the respectable press who are without sin, cast the first stone at the unrespectable. Many of the latter class, who have been branded as traitors and villains, were single-minded, earnest, valiant men; and, as for even O'Flynn, and those worse than him, what was really the matter with them was, that they were too honest—they spoke out too much of their whole minds. Bewildered, like Lear, amid the social storm, they had determined, like him, to become 'unsophisticated,' 'to owe the worm no silk, the cat no perfume'—seeing, indeed, that if they had, they could not have paid for them; so they tore off, of their own will, the peacock's feathers of gentility, the sheep's clothing of moderation, even the fig-leaves of decent reticence, and became just what they really were—just what hundreds more would become, who now sit in the high places of the earth, if it paid them as well to be unrespectable as it does to be respectable; if the selfishness and covetousness, bigotry and ferocity, which are in them, and more or less in every man, had happened to enlist them against existing evils, instead of for them. O'Flynn would have been gladly as respectable as they; but, in the first place, he must have starved; and, in the second place, he must have lied; for he believed in his own radicalism with his whole soul. There was a ribald sincerity, a frantic courage in the man. He always spoke the truth when it suited him, and very often when it did not. He did see, which is more than all do, that oppression is oppression, and aumbug, humbug. He had faced the gallows before now, without flinching. He had spouted rebellion in the Birmingham Bullring, and elsewhere, and taken the consequences like a man; while his colleagues left their dupes to the tender mercies of broadsword and bayonet, and decamped in the disguise of sailors, old women, and dissenting preachers. He had sat three months in Lancaster Castle, the Bastille of England, one day perhaps to fall like that Parisian one, for a libel which he never wrote, because he would not betray his cowardly contributor. He had twice pleaded his own cause, without the help of an attorney, and showed himself as practised in every law quibble and practical cheat as if he had been a regularly-ordained priest of the blue-bag; and each time, when hunted at last into a corner, had turned valiantly to bay, with wild witty Irish eloquence, 'worthy,' as the press says of poor misguided Mitchell, 'of a better cause.' Altogether, a much enduring Ulysses, unscrupulous, tough-hided, ready to do and suffer anything fair or foul, for what he honestly believed—if a confused, virulent positiveness be worthy of the name 'belief'—to be the true and righteous cause."

LAMARTINE'S LITERATURE FOR THE PEOPLE.

Genevieve. Par Alphonse de Lamartine. 2 Vols. W. Jeffs.

LAMARTINE will not let us admire him thoroughly. His eloquence, his poetic power, his high aims, and generous sentiments captivate us, but he never suffers us to enjoy our admiration for any length of time; he is sure to puzzle and perplex us with some coxcombry, some *petitesse*, something "so French"—something which taste cannot accept in alliance with what is elevated and imaginative. He attitudinizes. Willing as we are to admire, we like not to be authoritatively called upon to "walk up" and be astonished. Genius becoming its own Showman, and calling upon the crowd to "walk up" is not a pleasant spectacle. If Lamartine could trust to his very remarkable powers, he would stand higher in universal estimation; but he drapes himself before you, and asks you with a side-glance whether you do not think him graceful. This tendency, always painfully visible in his writings, has greatly increased of late; and curiously enough this constant preoccupation of the figure he is to present has made his autobiography one of the most incredible books ever written; we do not mean that it abounds in palpable falsehoods, but a certain varnish of "effect" makes it all seem unreal.

The same unpleasant quality is observable in *Genevieve*, his last work. It professes to be the first of a series of books for the People—books to take their place beside *Robinson Crusoe* and *The Imitation of Jesus Christ*. Now we need scarcely pause to argue how imperatively necessary it would be for all such books to have no affectations, no coxcombries, no attitudinizing, if they are to go right to the universal heart. Indeed, of all men occupying a distinguished position, we know of none whose style less fits him for a writer for the People than Lamartine. But he has made the attempt, and in a long introduction—not a line of which do we believe—he relates how it was that this attempt originated. Singularly unpleasant is this narrative; not in its substance but in manner,—in the vulgar dressing up of minute details for effect—in the eternal trick of the *feuilletoniste*. In substance, it is simply that a young sempstress called upon him to express her adoration of his genius; he invited her to dine with him, and then conversed upon literature—every word of which conversation he pretends to describe, together with the gestures and looks, however trivial, accompanying them. Her complaint is that there is no literature for the People. Authors write to the educated and not to the labourers. They depict conditions of life which to the working classes are unknown; they do not paint the everyday life of the masses. *Télémaque*, she admits, has its merits; "but it talks of government, and that does not touch us; besides, it was written for the grandson of a King—that is not our state. As to *Paul et Virginie*, that is very touching; it tells how one can love, how we cannot live away from those we love; but, after all, *Virginie* is the daughter of a general (!) She has an aunt who wishes to make her a woman of quality; and all those are scenes that do not affect us—we shall never see them in our families." . . . With due submission to Mademoiselle Reine this is a flat absurdity. In the first place, *Paul and Virginie* is a story which does delight the people. In the next place, the supposition that *Virginie*'s being the daughter of a general could remove her from the sympathy of those who have little chance of becoming generals, is a supposition so ridiculous that Lamartine's accepting it may astonish us. We have little chance of becoming kings; yet the corroding melancholy of "Hamlet," and the heaven-climbing rage of the maddened "Lear," touch us nearly, more nearly perhaps than the melancholy of Mr. Smith, or the insanity of Mr. Jones, though these are thoroughly respectable men, and belong to our circle. The idea that a literature for the people must occupy itself with depicting the daily life of the people, is one against which we protest loudly. It misconceives the mission and the influence of literature. That it proceeds from a misconception may be seen in the universal delight with which legends, fairy tales, ghost stories, and wild romances are listened to—these do not depict our daily life! What are the popular books—the books that form portions of national culture? *Pilgrim's Progress*—*Burns*—*Robinson Crusoe*—would all be thrown aside by Lamartine, because they do not depict the daily life of the working classes. We wish the nation joy of such a reformation!

Having run over the greatest names of each nation's literature, Lamartine finds them all, with one or two exceptions, wanting in the first requisite of popularity. But, to confine ourselves solely to his own countrymen, let us remark that it is somewhat singular, in such an enumeration and for such a purpose, he should omit all mention of the really popular writers of France! What does he think of Lafontaine? Is there anything unintelligible to the people there? What does he say to Molière, in spite of his learning and mockery of pedants? What of Lesage? What of Béranger—the people's pride? What of George Sand? Not one word of Lafontaine, Lesage, Molière, Béranger, and Sand! Such omissions look wilful. Béranger, of all men, must have crossed his mind when thinking either of the great names for which France is illustrious, or the great writers thoroughly popular. Is Madame Sand a writer to be ignored? And could Lamartine have been ignorant that she has written exquisite stories in the very language of the people, and depicting their everyday condition—*La Mare au Diable*—*François le Champi*—and *La Petite Fadette*?

The argument fails then in every way; yet he has the intrepidity to tell us that the reflexions suggested by this argument "profoundly affected him." But comfort was at hand. If the people had no literature, let us write a literature for them! If the great names of France have failed because they addressed only the educated (a condition usually believed to be attendant upon books!), let us see if we cannot touch the people! We, *homme de style et de cœur*, can we not publish volumes at an incredibly low price? It shall be done. "Je n'y mettrai ni prétention de style, ni effort de talent, ni esprit de système; la nature, la nature, et encore la nature!" If you know French literature and Lamartine you will estimate the value of that programme!

But, now, about the contents; we have settled price and style, we must now settle the subject. Reine assures him that the stories must be taken from the condition of the audience, otherwise they will say "Oh, that is above us." They must be true, because the people not being imaginative care little for fictions; they only interest themselves in the real—*la vérité c'est notre poésie à nous*. What, then, does she say to legends and fairy tales? She further says that they must be without incidents, and very simple, written as the people speak.

Is this theory of literature worth discussing? We think not. To tell the truth, we suspect it to have been "got up" by way of preface and justification of the novel it precedes. Only Lamartine's great reputation could have made us waste our space upon it.

KAY ON NATIONAL EDUCATION.

The Social Condition and Education of the People in England and Europe. By Joseph Kay, Esq., M.A. 2 vols. Longman and Co.

(Third Notice.)

THE whole of Mr. Kay's second volume is devoted to that vast subject, National Education; nor can we anywhere point to so comprehensive, luminous, and convincing a treatise as this. Eight years of travel on the Continent, expressly with a view to the thorough investigation of the subject, has saturated his mind with facts and principles, so that he is armed at all points against objections.

He notes the simple but important fact that throughout Prussia, Saxony, Bavaria, Bohemia, Württemberg, Baden, Darmstadt, Cassel, Hanover, Denmark, Switzerland, Norway, and the Austrian empire, all the children are actually at this present time receiving instruction from trained teachers! In Holland and the greater part of France all the children above six years old are daily acquiring instruction under the influence of teachers. Now, when we cast a glance at these countries we are at once made forcibly aware of the strong religious differences which split the peoples into antagonistic sects, differences surely no less intense than those which split England at the present moment, and the question naturally arises, How do they manage to merge these differences in one general scheme? How do they prevent the religious antagonism depriving them of national education, as it does here with us? To this Mr. Kay's work affords an ample answer. We refer to his volumes; but meanwhile heartily concur in his opinion, that the main reason why we in England have not done as much for education as other nations, why we have not overcome this sectarian difficulty as they have overcome it, is, that we have hitherto wanted the deep interest in the ques-

tion, as well as a due appreciation of the benefits a national scheme would ensure. Let Englishmen but once heartily take up the matter with a determination to carry it and it will be carried.

"I can give a traveller, who is desirous of comprehending at one short view the workings of the German and Swiss systems of popular education, no better advice, than to direct him to notice the state of the streets in any German or Swiss town, which he happens to visit: no matter where it be, whether on the plains of Prussia or Bavaria, on the banks of the Rhine, in the small towns of the Black Forest, or in the mountainous cantons of Alpine Switzerland—no matter where—let him only walk through the streets of such a town in the morning or the afternoon, and count the number of children to be found there above the age of four or five—or let him stand in the same streets, when the children are going to or returning from the schools—and let him examine their cleanly appearance, the good quality, the excellent condition, and the cleanliness of their clothing, the condition of the lesson books they are carrying, the happiness and cheerfulness, and, at the same time, the politeness and ease of their manners; he will think he sees the children of the rich: but let him follow them home, and he will find that many of them are the offspring of the poorest artisans and labourers of the town. If that one spectacle does not convince him of the magnitude of the educational efforts of Germany, and of the happy results which they are producing—let him go no further, for nothing he can further see will teach him. Let him then come home, and rejoice in the condition of our poor; but, should he start at this extraordinary spectacle, as I have seen English travellers do, to whom I have pointed out this sign of advanced and advancing civilization, let him reflect, that this has been effected, spite of all the obstacles which impede ourselves. Bigotry and ignorance have cried their loudest: Romanists have refused co-operation with Protestants; Protestants with Romanists, and yet they have co-operated. There has been the same strong jealousy of all Government interference, the same undefined and ill-digested love of liberty, there has been the same selfish fear of retarding the development of physical resources. In Bavaria, the war has been waged between Romanists and Protestants; in Argovie, opposition has been raised by the manufacturers; in Lucerne, by the religious parties, and by the political opponents of the government; and in Baden, the difficulties have been aggravated by the numbers of Jews, whom both Romanists and Protestants hated to receive into alliance, even more than they disliked to co-operate among themselves. But in all these countries the great principle has finally triumphed; and all parties have yielded some little of their claims, in the full conviction that a day is dawning upon Europe, fraught with the most overwhelming evils for that country which has not prepared for its approach."

Minor difficulties vanish before a resolute will; we could all co-operate if we sincerely willed it; but

"Whilst in England we have been devoting most of our energies to the increase of our national wealth, the Germans and Swiss have been engaged in the noble undertaking of attempting to raise the character and social position of their poorer classes. To effect this, they have not vainly imagined that schools alone were sufficient, but to the accomplishment of this great end, every social institution and every social regulation has been rendered subservient. They began, it is true, by raising schools, and educating teachers; but they have continued this great work by reforming their prisons and criminal codes; by facilitating the transfer and division of their lands; by simplifying their legal processes; by reforming their ecclesiastical establishments; by entirely changing the medieval and illiberal constitutions of their universities and public schools; by improving the facilities of internal communication; and, lastly, by opening the highest and most honourable offices of the state to all worthy aspirants, no matter of how low an origin."

Our attempts at education are painfully futile. We build schools, and write pamphlets; our ragged schools and Sunday schools not producing the enormous benefit that was supposed, we relapse into indifference. But, next to the want of some comprehensive scheme, the weakest part of our education of the poor consists in the want of trained teachers. Even the richer classes suffer in this respect. Any one is thought competent to teach. A widow left without resources opens a school. In Germany teaching is a profession; men are trained to it as they are trained for the bar or the pulpit.

"It has been said, by persons desirous of screening our own shameful neglect of the people's education, by the abuse of the great efforts of our neighbours, that the teachers of Prussia have been, in reality, nothing more than the paid servants of an absolute power, intended to prepare the minds of the people to passive submission to a despotic government. Nothing can be more shamefully and ignorantly false than this assertion.

"I have a right to speak on this subject, as I have seen more, perhaps, of the Prussian teachers than any of my countrymen; and of this I am certain, that the sympathies of the Prussian teachers have always been sympathies with the people, and not with the Government. The Prussian Government has always, in fact, bitterly complained of the too liberal spirit which actuates the teacher's profession, but without effect; the body is popular in its origin, its position, its education, and its sympathies. Many of the warmest friends of constitutional progress in Prussia have always been found among the teachers; and it is a fact, well worthy of considera-

tion, that liberal and constitutional ideas never made so rapid a progress in Prussia at any period of its history as they have done since the establishment of the present system of education. I believe that the teachers and the schools of Prussia have been the means of awakening in that country the spirit of enquiry and that love of freedom, which forced the Government to a *bond fide* constitution to the country.

"An evidence of the free spirit which has pervaded the Prussian teachers, may be derived from the fact, that the Prussian Government found itself compelled, in 1831, to address a circular order to teachers, in which, after reciting that the Government had been informed that some of the teachers had converted their class-rooms into political lecture-rooms, and had selected the political topics of the day as the subject of remark, if not of instruction,—it prohibited such subjects being introduced into the lessons by the teachers, and ordered the inspectors to prevent the teachers perverting their schools to such objects as these.

"The very fact that such a prohibition was found necessary, proves that my own observations were correct. If further proof were needed, it might be told, that the people have elected many teachers as their representatives in the different Diets; thus proving their esteem and respect for the able instructors of their children."

Mr. Kay also exposes another error current in England respecting the abuse of centralization in Prussia. Although there is a Government scheme of education, the parish affairs are managed parochially; it is not Berlin that settles the details of each parish school. This is how the thing is done:—

"One of the more intelligent villagers has been chosen by the magistrates of the *besirke* or county in which the village is situated, to direct its civil affairs. He has been appointed by these county magistrates to superintend the repair of the roads, the collection of the taxes, and the direction of the police, and he is empowered to interfere to a certain extent in the educational affairs of the district. We shall see presently how far. Suppose that, at the period of our visit to this oasis of the Prussian plains, for some reason or other no school had been established, and that the Government inspector had just paid them a visit in order to notify to them that the laws require that parish, as every other, to provide itself with sufficient school-room for its children.

"The inspector makes this notification to the village magistrate of whom I have just spoken; this officer immediately informs the villagers of the message he has received, and requests the householders to elect three or four from among themselves to attend a meeting or committee, in which the best course to be taken in respect to these educational matters will be considered. This is accordingly done, and on the appointed day the delegates, the religious ministers of the village, and the village magistrates assemble together. As the law obliges them to build school-rooms for their children, they have only to consider how this is to be effected. According to our English notions, it would be utterly impossible for them ever to come to a decision, as the inhabitants of our village consist, as I have said, of Romanists and Protestants. But, although the churches of each sect are regularly filled with the poor, and although there is every symptom which would lead a traveller to say that the religion of the Prussian peasantry exercised a powerful influence upon them, yet the different religious parties in Prussia do find it possible to co-operate in their efforts to improve the condition of their poor. The first point, then, which the village committee have to decide is, whether they shall have one school for both religious parties, or a separate school for each. Perfect liberty of choice on this subject is secured by the law to each different religious sect. All that the Government says, is, 'You (the different parishes) must provide sufficient school-room for your children, but we leave it entirely to your own choice how you will do this.' It is true that the Government encourages the erection of separate schools whenever this is possible, but it never attempts to interfere when any religious party of a parish wishes to have a separate school, if it can only find sufficient funds for the purpose. And if any one religious sect should not happen to be represented in the committee, still this party has the right of dissenting from the resolutions of the committee, should they be in favour of a mixed school, and should the unrepresented sect be willing to bear the expense of a separate school for themselves alone. It is important to bear this fact in mind, viz., that the question of mixed or separate schools is, in Western Europe, left entirely to the decision of the parishioners and local religious ministers, and that it consequently occasions no difficulty whatsoever. The Governments do not attempt to fetter the people's right to decide this point, and therefore no one is jealous of the result of the parochial deliberations, as every religious party has the power of acting as it may desire.

On the beneficial influence of education as raising the character of men all parties are agreed; but Mr. Kay's volume shows some very striking collateral advantages derived from keeping children under some surveillance:—

"Let any one spend a day or two of observation in the back streets of London, or of any of our great towns, and he may perceive that the life of crowds of poor children is passed altogether in the streets, entirely free from all surveillance. The companions they find in their earliest years are of the most degraded character; their pastimes, even from the age of seven, are, many of them, of the foulest and lowest description; filthy and disgusting practices, and promiscuous intercourse are common to nearly all of them: they are never accustomed to cleanliness, they are seldom washed; they are, from childhood, habituated to dirt, bestiality, and vice; and, with such a training as this, the young children in our towns grow up

to manhood, with abominable habits, with no religious knowledge, with a long-engendered craving for the stimulants of vice, and with the coarseness of barbarians. This is the English picture: now look upon the German. All children are obliged to be in the school-room, or school-playground, in company with their teacher, during six hours of every week-day; they are obliged to present themselves in a perfectly clean state; this prevents them from indulging in the filthy and degrading amusements, which become the natural pastimes of a child, who is accustomed to a street life from its infancy; their parents are subject to punishment, if the children are not sent to the schools in a decent state; and, as some time is necessarily taken in eating their meals, and in preparing for the morning or afternoon classes, the consequence is, that no children are to be found playing in the streets, excepting in the evening hours, and are to be then found amusing themselves in a much more innocent, decent, and cleanly manner than in the back alleys of our towns. This alone is sufficient to account for much of that difference which exists between the moral and social states of the German and the English town labourers, and for the striking fact that all the living criminals of Germany are at this moment lodged in prisons at home and that the German Governments are able to dispense altogether with the punishment of transportation."

The schoolrooms are lofty, clean, and well ventilated. The children are forced to be clean and decent in their appearance while at school (if the parents are too poor to send their children decently clad, the parish finds school clothes), and as for a large portion of the day they are thus forced to be clean, and live in well-ventilated rooms, the habits of propriety and disgust at filth become so worked into them that on returning home they bring with them a standard of behaviour which raises their home, and prevents it from degenerating into a hovel. We close our notices of this valuable work with an extract bearing on this point:—

"So long as the early domestic training is in direct opposition to the education of the schools, so long must the improvement in education be very slow; but, however slow, it is the only sure means we have of counteracting the effects of a vicious domestic training, and of cleansing the very fount of immorality. The labourer is occupied from twilight on to twilight, and the religious ministers have but few opportunities of bringing higher influences to bear upon him. Those, too, who most need improvement, are generally the most unwilling to receive it; and those whose homes act most injuriously on the younger inmates are precisely those who oppose most strenuously the entry of the religious minister, and who are most rarely brought under any ennobling influence whatever. Thus it often happens, that the only way by which we can introduce reform into a home is through the children; for, most happily, there is among the poor such a great idea of the benefits to be derived from education, that it very rarely happens that the parent cannot be persuaded to send his child to school, when he is enabled to do so.

"But there are some who maintain that eight hours' association with the good and enlightened teacher on the Sunday, and in the Sunday-school, are quite sufficient to counteract the bad influences of the immoral home to which the child has, perhaps, been exposed through the whole week!—that eight hours of religious exercises on Sunday can obviate the effects of the one hun red hours of immoral association of the past six days! This ignorance is even more fatal than it is ridiculous; how little would those who profess such opinions like to submit their own children to such an ordeal. How contrary is their practice to their profession! Who would expect to save his child from vice if he turned him out into the streets during week days, and only gave him instruction and religious education on the Sunday? and yet this pitance of education is thought more than enough for the poor. If we would raise the character of our labourers, we must reverse this order of things.

"It is delightful to see how thoroughly this truth has been recognized in Western Europe. From the shores of the Baltic and the North Sea to the foot of the great Alpine range, and from the Rhine to the Danube, all the children of both rich and poor are receiving daily instruction, under the surveillance of their religious ministers, from long and most carefully educated teachers. Throughout the plains of Prussia, Bohemia, and Bavaria, among the hills and woods of Saxony and central Germany, in the forests and rich undulating lands of Württemberg and Baden, in the deep and secluded Alpine valleys of Switzerland and the Tyrol, in most of the provinces of the Austrian Empire, throughout Holland, Denmark, and almost the whole of France, and even in the plains of Italian Lombardy, there is scarcely a single parish which does not possess its school-house, and its one or two teachers. The school-buildings are often built in really an extravagant manner; and in Switzerland and South Germany, the village school is generally the finest erection in the neighbourhood. In the towns the expenditure on these monuments of a nation's progress is still more remarkable. Here the municipal authorities generally prefer to unite several schools for the sake of forming one complete one. This is generally erected on the following plan:—A large house is built of three or four stories in height, with commodious play yards behind. The one or two upper stories are used as apartments for the teachers; the lower rooms are set apart for the different classes. A town school has generally eight to sixteen, and sometimes twelve or fourteen, of these classrooms, each of which is capable of containing from eighty to one hundred children. An educated teacher is appointed to manage each class, so that there is generally a staff of at least eight teachers connected with each town school of Germany, and I have seen schools with as many

The Arts.

ON THE COMEDY OF TRAGIC ACTORS.

Plato, in a famous passage (you will find it in the "Republic," we dare not venture on the Greek, and have not Bohn's translation beside us), declares that no one can excel in two arts, the tragic poet in comic writing, the tragic actor in comedy; but this, though ingeniously argued, is so obviously wrong that he lived himself to write a flat denial of it in a still more famous passage (in the "Symposium") wherein he avers that the tragic and comic poet are necessarily one, an exaggeration on the other side. The first opinion is that which the public most generally entertains, because it is incapable of fairly admitting two ideas—two impressions of the same person; hence, when a tragedian essays comedy he has a terrible obstacle in the reluctance of the public to admit his capacity; and, unless he have a high degree of comic *vis*, he will not be accepted. Instances there are of such a union of the two as to puzzle critics where to award the preference; Garrick was as great in comedy as tragedy; so is Lablache; so is Ronconi; so is Lemaitre; so is Bouffé; so was Mars. But Mrs. Siddons, John Kemble, Kean, Rachel, Macready, were undeniably less versatile, and were generally considered weak in comedy. The want of animal spirits, a genial gaiety of temperament, is a want no art will supply. But there is a something in the comedy of tragic actors which we miss in the true comic actors, a certain weight (tending, indeed, to heaviness), and a certain point (tending to over-elaboration), which bring out the force of the situation and the incisiveness of the language into stronger relief than the comic actors can attain; it resembles wit as compared with humour; intellectual perception as compared with real enjoyment. Charles Lamb somewhere puts forth a similar opinion apropos to John Kemble's "Charles Surface." And we were forcibly reminded of it the other night in witnessing Viardot's *Adina* in "L'Elisir d'Amore." The audience seemed to relish it; we did so beyond any comedy we have seen for many a long day; but the critics we find are generally objecting to it. Something of over-elaboration there was—as if not a point could be thrown away—but there was also such a thorough meaning in all she did, such a lively abandonment of her voice to the sportiveness of the scenes, such pretty little capriciousness and adorable tyranny, that we forgot the Mater Dolorosa of *Le Prophète*, and fell incontinently in love with the village coquette. Her singing we can only compare with fireworks; she threw up her voice like a rocket that climbs up the darkness to descend in a shower of brilliant colours. Talk of execution! Unless a singing lesson is your ideal, you must acknowledge that her second duet with Ronconi was unequalled. When Sontag scatters her voice into its marvellous variety of ornament we wonder, indeed, and admit that it is marvellous; but we care nothing for it. But when Jenny Lind or Viardot astonish us they do something more than astonish. You will say it is very unfair in us to make the comparison between such singers; but the comparison between *kinds* is instructive, from the force of the contrast. Ronconi as "Dulcamara" illustrates our position respecting tragedians. His comedy is, perhaps, even finer than his tragedy; but it is the comedy of a tragic actor—pointed, weighty, vivacious, intellectual, but not humorous, not genial, not oily. Lablache in the same part offers a good contrast: his broad buffoonery, overflowing as it is with animal spirits and chuckling fun, makes you in love with the charlatan: you forget his knavery in his bonhomie; but never for an instant do you mistake the nature of Ronconi's quack.

The opera was received with unbounded satisfaction. Mario was in exquisite voice, and sang the favourite *Una furtiva lagrima* as no one else can sing it. Tamburini was effective as "Belcore," and the chorusses were capital. On Saturday the season closed. But four nights—at reduced prices—have been given this week for the benefit of Mario, Tamburini, Costa, and Grisi, upon whose shoulders this gigantic concern has reposed,—who have paid everybody to a sixpence, and who have finished their campaign without realizing anything for themselves beyond what these benefits may bring them. We are wrong; they have laid the foundation for a glorious season in 1851. They have raised the reputation of the house, and next year they will—we trust they will—profit by it.

THE LEGEND OF FLORENCE.

The revival of Leigh Hunt's play at Sadler's Wells drew many a poetical lover to the house; and pleasant it was to see how the beautiful passages *told* upon that hushed and reverent audience. But, although put on the stage with care, we cannot compliment the actors on their execution of a delicate and, perhaps, too difficult

task. Phelps as "Agolanti" was flat and ineffective. The part—a masterly portrait of self-sophisticating tyranny and selfish conventionalism—is what is called a disagreeable one (*i.e.*, the audience dislike the man), and, therefore, a greater call is made upon the actor's powers. But Phelps did not seem to know what to make of the part. As a sample of his ineffectiveness we may notice the colourless delivery of that powerful speech—

"Oh let all provocation
Take every brutish shape it can devise
To try endurance with; taunt it in failure,
Grind it in want, stoop it with family shame,
Make gross the name of mother, call it fool,
Pander, slave, coward, or whatsoever opprobrium
Makes the soul swoon within its cage for want
Of some great answer terrible as its wrong."

Here there is a cumulative force of passionate imagery, every word of which should be made visible, as in characters of fire, by the passion of the utterance, so that the audience may suffer with "Agolanti," and sympathize with him for the moment; but the passage was delivered with a level vehemence and a want of gathering intensity which left the audience calm. Again, where "Ginevra" appears at the window, having just left the tomb, his horror left us serenely quiet.

Miss Glyn is not suited to the gentle pathos of "Ginevra," and her elocution, though distinct, is deficient in that rhythmic variety which real poetry requires. Her ear must be indifferent or she would never have spoken so slowly the lines—

"The fire of the heavenward sense of my wrongs crowns me,
The voice of the patience of a life cries out of me."

To say nothing of the hurried passion these lines express, it is obvious that, composed as they are of thirteen feet each in lieu of ten, they can only be made rhythmical by an acceleration of the time in which they are spoken; but Miss Glyn dragged them. The great point with which Ellen Kean used to rouse a tempest of applause, "What have I done? Good God! what have I done?" was missed entirely. Indeed, throughout the part we saw the sickly more than the suffering woman; and our marital sympathies made us occasionally suspect that perhaps "Agolanti" after all was not so very much in the wrong.

ELECTRO-DEPOSITS IN BRONZE AND OTHER METALS.

Messrs. Elkington are now exhibiting at their gallery in Regent-street, an interesting display of works of art, principally copies from antique sculpture, reproduced by their peculiar process in a manner which, for boldness as well as finish, quite supersedes the old method of casting. Amongst other figures are the "Dancing Faun" (the Naples antique); the "Antique Faun with Cymbals"; and the "Venus," discovered at Pompeii in 1839. They are all accurately reduced by scale, and are perfect in detail; a remark which will apply especially to a beautiful twelve-inch copy of the "Farnese Hercules," wonderfully true to the original. We were struck with a Pompeian Cup, and its groups in alto, representing the Sacrifice of Priapus, very minutely finished. This cup is five or six inches high; it is of exceedingly graceful form, wide at top, and diminishing towards the stem with one sweep, that is, with no undulation, so as to form a waist. We had been familiarized with its form through a cast of Brucciani's; the full beauty of its sculpture, until seen in the metal, was lost to us. A reduced copy of the "Apotheosis of Homer," the well-known basso-relievo in the British Museum, is adapted to the cover of a blotting-pad; and a miniature copy of an ancient Frieze in the Glyptothek at Munich, is made to form a foot-rule. The subject is "Neptune and Amphitrite." A Candelabrum found at Herculaneum, representing Silenus, should not be passed over; the size makes it convenient for modern use. But the triumph of Messrs. Elkington's discovery is shown in their reproduction of Cellini's celebrated cup, so artfully copied as to bear all the appearance of age. It would have puzzled the great artist who wrought the exquisite original.

A plastic material, intended to imitate in casts the productions of ivory carving, is another feature of this exhibition. The "Fictile Ivory," as it is called, is doubtless a beautiful material, well adapted to the purpose of imitating the elaborately-carved work of such productions as "Martin Luther's" Tankard, a "chopine"-formed vessel, covered with minute figures in relief. The general choice of subjects, however, is not a happy one, nor calculated to display the merits of the fabric to advantage. Variations of popular engravings, such as "Cup Tossing," by Crowley, executed in relief, will hardly further the pretensions to high art advanced by Messrs. Elkington. Again, the antique subjects chosen are for the most part sculptures originally executed in stone, a different thing altogether from carving in wood or ivory. On the whole, there was nothing so good as the "Tankard," the success of which might justify Messrs. Elkington in confining their productions in Fictile Ivory to its ostensible purpose—the imitation of carving.

as twelve and fourteen teachers. The rooms are filled with desks, maps, and all the apparatus which the teachers can require for the purposes of instruction. I generally noticed, on entering a small German or Swiss town, that, next to the church, the finest building was the one set apart for the education of the children.

"It is impossible to estimate the enormous outlay which Germany has devoted to the erection and improvement of school-houses alone during the last fifteen years. In the towns, hardly any of the old and inefficient buildings now remain, except where they have been improved and enlarged. In Munich, I directed my conductor to lead me to the worst school buildings in the city, and I found all the class-rooms measuring fourteen feet high by about twenty-five square, and ten of such class-rooms in each school house, each of which rooms was under the constant direction of an educated teacher. In whatever town I happened to be staying, I always sought out the worst in preference to the best schools. In Berlin the worst I could find contained four class-rooms, each eight feet in height, and about fifteen feet square; and in the Grand Duchy of Baden I found that the Chambers had passed a law prohibiting any school-house being built, the rooms of which were not fourteen feet high.

"Throughout Germany no expense seems to have been spared to improve the materials of popular instruction. This could never have been effected had not the expenses of such an immense undertaking been equally distributed over all the parishes of the different states. The burden being thus divided among all, is not felt by any; but had the Government started in the vain hope of being able to bear even a third of the expense, popular education would have been no further advanced in Germany than in England. But wiser, or more interested in the real success of the undertaking than ourselves, the Governments of the different states have obliged each province to provide for the expenses necessary for its own primary education."

NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

TRUE CATHOLICISM.—I believe the unity of the one Catholic and comprehensive church to be a unity of spirit and feeling, and not only to be perfectly compatible with many diversities of opinion as to particular doctrines, rites, and ceremonies, but entirely independent of them. I should be sorry not to feel somewhat of that unity with many from whom I differ widely in many and various respects. Who but must feel it for Kempis? Yet this by no means implies any accordance with the Romish ritual, of which, I believe, he was a docile and dutiful votary—though he lived and wrote far beyond the letter and rule of his professed creed, in a spirit of the most pure, enlightened, and spiritual Christianity.—*Bernard Barton.*

EVILS OF FAULT-FINDING.—We exert a more healthful and permanent influence on another by giving every possible encouragement to the good parts of his character, than by direct notice of the bad; and that by thus strengthening the good we give the person a more discerning perception of his own failings, and a greater control over them, than we can ever attain by merely counselling him directly against his errors. In proportion as a monitor within exceeds in weight and authority a monitor without, so does the one method excel the other. It is, besides, very difficult for two friends to preserve thorough confidence in each other after the direct notice of faults. In spite of our best endeavours, a feeling, however slight, of mortification creeps in to disturb the permanence of the influence; and, though the fault may be corrected, that feeling may destroy the future power of the counsellor to benefit his friend. To take my own case, for example, I can truly say that when witnessing the never-failing kindness and sympathy shown by you and yours with the sufferings of your fellow-creatures, I have not only felt my own better feelings roused to purer and higher action, but I have felt my selfishness rebuked within me, and seen my deficiencies with a keener and more improving eye than if you, or any one else, had plainly told me that you perceived them, and wished to warn me against them. There are cases, and especially in the instance of the guardians of youth, in which the direct notice of faults is called for, and proves beneficial; but this seems to me to hold good only where the one possesses a natural authority over the other, and to which the other feels himself naturally subject. Among equals in mature age I doubt the propriety or benefit of the plan of direct naming of faults, and whether we do not, in following it, transgress the rule of "Judge not," &c. We can rarely tell the precise motives of another.—*From the Life of Andrew Combe.*

DR. JOHNSON UPON CONVOCATION.—"On Wednesday, August 3, we had our last social evening at the Turk's Head Coffee-house, before my setting out for foreign parts. I had the misfortune, before we parted, to irritate him unintentionally. I mentioned to him how common it was in the world to tell stories of him, and to ascribe to him strange sayings. Johnson—"What do they make me say, Sir?" Boswell—"Why, Sir, as an instance very strange indeed (laughing heartily as I spoke) David Hume told me you said that you would stand before a battery of cannon to restore the Convocation to its full powers." Little did I apprehend that he actually had said this; but I was soon convinced of my error, for with a determined look he thundered out, "And would I not, Sir? Shall the Presbyterian Kirk of Scotland have its General Assembly, and the Church of England be denied its Convocation?" He was walking up, and down the room when I told him the anecdote, but when he uttered this explosion of his Church zeal, he had come close to my chair, and his eyes flashed with indignation. I bowed to the storm, and diverted the force of it by leading him to expatiate on the influence which religion derived from maintaining the Church with great external respectability."—*Boswell's Life of Johnson.*

Portfolio.

We should do our utmost to encourage the Beautiful, for the Useful encourages itself.—
GOETHE.

SILENT LOVE.

Great is the might of Speech, O Lady dear!
And when the wise man speaketh words of truth,
Strong as the genial forces of brave youth,
On every hand they hew a pathway clear,
Making the false to die—the unperceived appear.
But there be voices, sweet one, holier far
Than all the flats Spoken-Truth hath uttered;
Roll on in silence, sun and moon and star,
Nor praises ere have sung, nor warnings muttered:
And yet, I tell thee that a royal hymn
Doth swell for ever from them as they roll;
To heaven's own melody each planet-car
Is driven unresting on its groaning pole;
High chaunts of luminance divine to him
Who bareth to their influence his soul.
So, when my love would make itself a voice,
To tell thee all I feel and all I know,—
To speak the passionate throbbings of my heart,
To tell mine ecstasies when I rejoice
In thy dear eyes' serenely tranquil glow;
In bitter cadences of song to impart
The utter desolation of my woe,
When I am languishing away from thee,
Plodding, in faith and hope, the appointed round;
Starlike, I find, silence my voice must be,
That I must love and trust and worship thee
In the rapt power of Love's idolatry,
Yet shape it not to speech, nor breathe it forth in sound.
Then, dearest, when, in silence by thy side,
I sit and speak not—bathing in the gold
Of heavenly aureoles around thee rolled—
Learn thou to read that Silence, Spirit-Bride!
To read the meaning of the deep untold,
Wherein thyself art hymned and glorified.
So shalt thou hear, although these lips be dumb,
Triumphant anthems to thy cherished name:
A prelude to a mightier song to come,
When earth-bonds break 'fore Love's impulsive tide,
And acted harmonies awake at his inspiring flame!

JOHN STORES SMITH.

THE ATHENIAN THARGELIA;

OR,

THIRTY CENTURIES AGO.

It was the eve of the Spring Festival. The lots had been cast for the victim, and Phaon's name had fallen first out of the urn. Among the youths of Attica there was none so beautiful as Phaon. His foot was swiftest in the race, his arm was strongest in the fight, and his victories in all the games, from Elis to the Strymon, had shed a lustre on his country. Groups of citizens were gathered about the temples to thank the gods for having chosen so noble an offering. They were never so sure of the favour of Heaven as when the best they had was accepted at their hands. The old were talking gravely of the mysteries of Providence. Phaon was of common blood, and yet he was selected before the children of their highest families. While the young, who had been his companions, were counting up his exploits with a hope which was half despair, the girls were picking flowers for garlands in the meadows, or laying out their dresses to appear in beauty in the morning. Among them all there was one purpose—that the splendour of the ensuing Thargelia should eclipse the fairest Festival which the oldest Athenian citizen remembered. The last two years had been years of mourning. The earth had withheld her fruits, the cattle had died in the field, the wheat had withered on the stalk; but the sins which had brought upon them the righteous anger of the gods would now, they felt, be expiated in Phaon's death, and all would again be well.

But there was one heart which was heavy in the universal gladness, and which refused to answer to the gratitude which the lips struggled to utter; it was that which was beating out the last years of old Glaucus, Phaon's father.

"Alas for my life," he said, "that it is left to me to see this day. What is it to me that winter has rolled away, and the earth is rising in her beauty, if the spring of my life is taken from me, never to return. The daughter of Ceres may ascend from the shades; but when those gloomy gates have closed on Phaon they will never open to him again. Oh, my boy! my gallant boy! would to God old Glaucus might have given his life for thine! What are they, those dark Powers, whose favour must be bought with blood? Was there no way but this?"

Aratus stood near and heard him. "Murmur not," he said; "you and I are old; we have seen many changes upon the earth; was it ever well with those who lifted their voices against the gods? What is death that we should repine at it? Some day Phaon must have died. Is it not far more glorious that the gods should demand him before the leaves are faded upon the garlands which he has won? that he should go away now as a holy

offering, to bear with him in the victory of his death the sins which weighed upon his country, than that he should burn like a torch to the socket, and expire in the white, withered ashes of a broken age."

"My boy must die," said Glaucus. "It is his destiny, and he will die like himself. But, oh! that he might have lived for his people, not died for them. It is easy to be wise for others; but, Aratus, you, who would not give Lycoris to Phaon as a bride, if the gods had chosen her, would you have been more willing to give your child to them? My brave boy was worthy of her, Aratus, of the race of Theseus though she be. He is worthy of a higher fate. I do not speak to taunt you; but, oh! chide not a father's grief, when you too have a child who may be taken from you."

"Forgive me," said Aratus: "I did not mean to pain you. Worthy was Phaon of a nobler bride than Lycoris. The past is with the Fates, and the gods themselves cannot change it. But they are mighty. What they send on us we must learn to bear. Why should we vex our spirits with vainly lamenting the inevitable?"

They separated. Aratus shrunk away as the hollow heart shrinks from the true; and Glaucus took his mournful way to his sorrow-stricken home, where, before midnight, he must have parted for the last time with his son. With the turn of the hours the priests would claim their victim. And on what was to follow he could scarcely let his thoughts rest, far less could he bear to witness it. Aratus might go, Aratus and the rest of Athens. He would hide his head in the dust, and pray the mercy of the gods that he might follow Phaon into the underworld.

Another heart, too, was beating strangely at the prospect of the morrow. A few moons' back Phaon, with the Olympic wreath green upon his forehead, had asked Aratus for his daughter. He had been repelled with disdain. It was better, so thought Aratus, that his daughter's heart should break than that she should marry into a lower rank; and, however he might show a fair front to Glaucus, he was secretly most pleased with the choice of the gods, because it rid him for ever of an unwelcome suitor. But now the maiden would have to bear a harder trial. She was one of the choir of virgins who tended the holy fire in Apollo's temple, and with the dawn she would have to take place in the fatal procession. She must sing her lover's dirge as she attended him to the altar, and join in the Greek Hymn of Triumph which would ascend over his blood.

In the grey mist of the May morning the Curetes gathered down upon the sands which were washed by the narrow strait that divides Attica from Euboea. They raised a pile of peeled slips of figwood, beside which a censer smoked which contained the sacred fire, and they stood in front of it in the chill air with their long robes gathered round them, silent and motionless, like a group of the lost spirits standing mournfully beside the dull river which they may never pass. There they were, ready to pay the wretched victim his fearful honours. There was the golden bowl into which his warm blood would soon be flowing; across it lay the dull gleaming knife, to carve out the spirit from that cunning frame, in which it was so wonderfully set; the urn in which his ashes would be borne back to the city of his birth, and laid up as a treasure in the shrine of the Acropolis. Presently the first started and looked at the priest who was next him. They did not move, but a start of consciousness passed round the circle like an electric stroke, as, far off through the faint air, a gust of music was heard swaying among the rocks. Another and another, and then the interval ceased altogether, and a choir of voices was heard distinctly chanting a wild mournful melody. The road by which they were approaching led through a narrow winding glen upon the sea. The procession was close to the altar before the young girls who were leading passed out upon the sands. They opened as they appeared, dividing into two rows and passing behind the altar to leave the space free for those who followed them. The priests of Artemis came next, strewing fig leaves and chanting a slow wild hymn. The girls had ceased to sing as they had taken their places, but the words were caught up by the multitude, and rolled back along their ranks far into the hills, as in that gloomy Litany the populace of Attica were imprecating the vengeance which their sins had earned on the head of the unhappy Phaon. Phaon himself walked free behind the priests with a light and godlike step, beautiful as a young Apollo. He was dressed as for a bridal, with his long yellow hair flowing over his shoulders, only lightly confined with a garland of olive, the last of many which he had won. The people crowded upon him, throwing wild figs at him, or darting at him wands of the peeled wood; but he only smiled at their curses; and a flush of triumph rushed over his face as he saw the altar and the blaze of the sacred fire which would consume him. They poured their sins on him, and he, their noblest, would bear them away in his death. Himself most pure, he became a curse for them, and he, the victim in his own sacrifice at once cursed and blessed, would pass away to the gods whose wrath, through him, was put away.

And they believed it all. He, they, the priests, that wailing crowd, they believed that God looked on with approving eyes, and accepted their dark devotion. It may have been the thought may have risen in some breast beating there (for they, too, were made of the old human clay), that if God required a life God himself could take it; that the bold heart and the strong hand might perhaps do better service both to Him and to mankind with the life left in them than by crumbling to dry ashes in the flames. Some doubt, too, there may have been, whether the blood of the innocent could be welcome to God, or whether a God to whom it was welcome deserved the honour of mankind. But in those days the very thought was sin. It was a mystery on which they dared not reason; and faith, blind and cruel faith,

most insolent to God in the very devotion by which it most thought to honour him, bore them all through it.

Loving men and women, who in their other life could be most kind, most just, most sensible in their dealings with the God of truth and justice, could become most wicked. Priests and wise men, teachers of real wisdom, pioneers of early knowledge, men who made law, who mapped out the Heavens and moulded language, bidding the flexible verb bend into mood, and tense, and person, and express out the innermost emotions of the spirit, could here forget their wisdom and lead their people into folly. And he, Phaon himself, could be warmed with the same madness. A wild, a hideous dream could raise in him the true emotions of genuine heroism; and he moved to his death as bravely, with as deep a sacrifice of self, as if he were going to shed his blood in turning back an invader's army from the hearths of his country.

The people passed down upon the sands. The Curetes, like statues inspired with a sudden life, joining with the other priests, formed a circle about him, and began to move round, first with slow, measured steps, then faster, and even faster, chanting their wild hymn, and waving their arms now towards Heaven, and now towards the victim, as if every evil influence which was descending they would intercept with their incantations and turn them all into a single stream, while the High Priest of Apollo stood with his arms folded on a raised throne by the side of the altar, watching for the first flush of sunlight on the mountains of Eubœa. So beautiful it was, that still-flowing, soft, rippling sea, crisping its tiny waves at their feet, the sea birds waking on its surface, crooning their feathers, or trying their wings in short flights after their night sleep. The last star had gone out. It had waned away before its hour, in haste to escape from a sight so unlovely; and the pale, wan moon was hurrying down like a ghost behind the hills, as if heart-sick at the ghastly follies of unhappy men.

Ah! madmen, was this fair world cursed, then? and were such deeds as yours to wash it clean? Ah! could ye but know that it is ye who curse it; ye, with your own dark frenzy! That sea may wash those shores for a thousand thousand years, but the stained memory of your accursed rites shall brood over them, and shall never be washed away; and men in after ages shall shudder as they pass by, and look to Heaven and offer silent thanksgiving that ye could do this and yet God could forbear you, and the polluted earth was yet left remaining.

A shout rose out of the crowd; the rising clouds were lighting; a few more moments and the rays would be on the mountain peaks. The dance ceased, two of the inferior priests left the circle and approached Phaon to bind him. He pressed them disdainfully back; a free Athenian was giving himself as a free sacrifice, he said; he was not to be offered by them like a slave or an animal. He was moving proudly towards the altar, when a confused cry rose among the chorus of girls as a maiden broke through the circle and rushed towards him. She gained the moment of surprise. An instant after a hundred hands were stretched out to hold her back; but it was too late. Phaon vainly trying to push her from him only hastened the fatal touch which would give her to share his fate. Her arms were round him, and to touch Phaon was deadly as to touch one struck with the plague. Lycoris too must die; by the holy law of Apollo Lycoris must die. Phaon was devoted to the gods, and after their solemn choice no living creature except the priests might touch him. Whatever did so the gods had chosen too.

A silent horror fell over the people. They were too shocked to speak or move; only old Aratus staggered blindly forward. Miserable man! He too would have gone to his death in the vain effort to save his child; but his steps, like his heart, were more feeble than hers; a single hand held him back, and he sank helplessly on the ground. Where was now the pride of the blood of Theseus, which might not mingle with the stream which flowed in lower veins? It must flow now in the same bowl with Phaon's, to mingle with it in death if not in life. Where was the fair talk of the high choice of the gods, and the glory of a noble death? His words had been as wind upon his lips. The cant of race, the cant of creed, the prating hollowness of fair-sounding talk; how does every mask fall off when the deep spirit of the heart is truly stirred!

Lycoris still clung to Phaon. He turned away; he could not look on her. "Oh, Phaon!" she said, "my Phaon! will you not speak to me?"

"Speak to you, Lycoris! Oh! what, what have you done?"

"What have I done, Phaon? Do you think I could live without you? I might not be yours for the short life of earth; I am going with you, then, where I shall be yours for ever in the happy islands of the blessed."

He turned slowly towards her; the deadly hand of the minister of the sacrifice was resting on her shoulder.

Easy, natural, even sainted, as his own sacrifice had seemed to him, it slowed in all its horrors when this fair lily was to be broken. "Never, never!" he cried; "this dreadful death; it shall not be. You, Lycoris! you!"

"What!" he cried to the crowd, who were staring terror-struck at the scene, "shall this thing be? and you, free born Athenians! will you look on and witness it? See this beautiful form. Shall this be mangled with that ghastly knife? Look on that old man there. Look on his grey hairs. Save her! save her! If there is guilt, I am the victim; let it fall on me."

His words swept over the people like the breeze over the rolling corn.

Aratus saw it, and rose up from the ground, and ran passionately among

them, calling them by their names, and adjuring them with frenzied eagerness to have mercy on his age.

"Cruel Phaon!" said Lycoris, as he caught her in his arms; "you will send me away to die by my own hands. My spirit will wander by the dark river, and I shall never see you more."

The crowd was heaving like the sea before a coming storm. The priests looked anxiously at one another. They were few and unarmed, except with the instruments of the sacrifice, and it seemed to be trembling in the balance whether, in the strength of the human appeal, the gods and their bloody rites would not be violated and defied. The mass of the people still hung back, hesitating and uncertain, but Aratus, with a few of the boldest of them, was approaching the victims, when the high priest, who had stood motionless through it all with his eyes fixed upon the sky, started suddenly and, waving his hand, in a voice which made the fiercest warrior shrink—

"Madmen," he cried, "are two victims so few, then, that ye will have Tartarus split before our feet, and swallow down a myriad. Back, back, there is a sign from the gods. Mark it."

He pointed upwards, and an eagle was seen soaring in from the sea, and hovering over them.

He had caught the moment and the feeling. He himself, they all, the crowd, the wretched father, Phaon himself believed that the gods were speaking, and every eye was fixed upon the bird, as in silent awe they waited for the celestial messenger to deliver the command of Heaven. For several minutes it swept screaming round over them, and then, with wings set and motionless, swooped down upon a neighbouring grove. A wood dove was sitting on a brood there. Its mate was cooing among the branches of the same tree. The eagle struck the male bird, and was rising with it when he saw the other, which, frightened from its nest yet unwilling to leave it, fluttered out upon a bough. Turning again, he struck her too, and then rose swiftly up and soared away, bearing his two victims in his talons.

No inspired prophet was needed to interpret so clear a sign. It was enough. The gods had spoken, and their awful message fell down over the troubled spirit of the people and stilled them into calm. Phaon set his beautiful burden on the ground, and bowed his head in resignation. The sacrifice must be completed.

"The father is calling his children. He will have them both, his beautiful ones; he bids us send them," cried the high priest. "Bless him on your knees, ye foolish people. For your madness he multiplies his mercies. When ye murmur against him he but accepts a second offering; he will wash you doubly clean."

The slaves of Aratus bore him away. He might go now and lay his head in the dust with old Glaucus. He might not look on what was coming.

In a burst of tenderness and love Phaon threw himself on the neck of Lycoris. There was no fear now lest she might lose him. "Traitor," she said, in playful reproach, "you would have stolen from me and left me. The gods are more merciful than you. They have given you to me. They have chosen me. They call us to our glorious bridal."

"May they accept us," muttered Phaon.

"May they! Ah! they do. They have accepted us," she cried. "The sun is over the mountains, and we linger. Let us make haste to our deliverance. Come, Phaon! come. Let us take our last leave of our old companions."

"Farewell dear friends," they sang together. "Farewell—weep not for us. The flowers are sweet upon Hymettus, but the spirits of the flowers blow pure where we are going, and the Asphodel of Elysium is watered by the streams of immortality. The heroes are there, and the wise and the beautiful of the old times; and there we are going. The gods call us; we are their favoured children. Farewell, ye gallant youths. Listen to the song of the bard. Let your hearts thrill at his words, and grow strong in you for noble deeds. The gods love the brave, and blessed are those who die for their country. A little while and ye too must pass the dark gate which we are passing. We will pray for you, that you may be given to us and come and make your home with us for ever."

"The priest is waiting with the garlands. Come, Phaon!" cried Lycoris, "come, our bower is twined for us by the still flowing river, of flowers which never fade, and the chariot which shall bear us there is waiting in the sunlight. The young doves are yoked to it. They grow impatient. I hear the rustling of their golden wings. We pass away through a blessed death to life where death shall come no more."

And they went, those beautiful ones. Went where the spirits go of the noble and the brave. Spirits like theirs are the bright jewels which make earth shine before Heaven; and to earth they left a blessing, not that, perhaps, of which they were dreaming, but yet a blessing. Surely it has been by the noble deaths of such as these that in the slow rolling age men have won their freedom. We were held prisoners by the powers of cloudy ignorance and fear, through which the splendour of God glared red, and sullen, and terrible. But in the life blood of the noble they have melted off and passed away, and we, who are but common men, and might have been even as that miserable multitude, may lift our eyes without fear and see the beneficence of that blessed light in the glory of mercy and of love. The spectres vanish away, the air is clear, and we are free. Oh! may we rightly prize the freedom which has been bought at so terrible a cost.

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